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OLD THOUGHTS ON A NEW YEAR.

AMONG the thousand and one subjects upon which modern essayists have chosen to descant, the New Year is, perhaps, the most hacknied. Yet, however trite the theme has become, there exists in the mind of man a secret sympathy which usually induces him to pursue them, when more elaborate essays on Fame, Fortune, or Ambition, are passed over unread. These, it is true, are suited alike to all seasons; and as far as the subject itself is concerned, may be taken up to-day, to-morrow, or indeed, not at all: but there is a charm about the New Year which hallows the most common-place allusion to it, and gives to the remark an air of freshness, which perchance may be sought in vain when the spell (and surely there is a spell!) which the momentary union of time with eternity throws around them, is dissolved. Those oft-repeated axioms of morality, which at other times are addressed but to the ear, now penetrate the most obdurate heart, and for awhile elevate us in the scale of being. We listen attentively to the strange mysterious voice of Meditation; and Fancy, like an ark-imprisoned dove, glides noiselessly over the scenes which we have passed, and searches for a resting place in vain! The ground whereon she seeks for a moment to alight, proves baseless or illusory, and she is forced to keep forever on the wing! Hope, beckoning

her towards the future, holds out the promise of an olive-branch.—But what are the promises of Hope? are they not fairy vistas in the clouds, which too often delude the eye with unreal prospects, and upon nearer approach whelm the heart in disappointment. The Cretan Labyrinth was easier far to be explored, than the cloud-mantled pathways of the future, illumed only, as they are, by the glimmering reflections of the past.

But hark! the merry bells recall imagination home again! and he who can listen to their peal of congratulation unmoved, is possessed of feelings which few would envy. Ring on, ye joyous revellers!—The wisdom of the nineteenth century is advancing rapidly to your overthrow, and posterity will, mayhap, stand in need of *variorum* notes, to tell them the meaning of—

“Those evening bells,—those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!”

For my own part—heralds alike of merriment and mourning—I should be sorry to *live* without your music, or to *die* without your knell. And I can wish nothing worse to those *tasteful* vandals, who do all they can to deprive you of your time-honored sanctuaries, than that they may never *feel* your happy New Year!

New Year! What then hath become of the old?—Gone to eternity! the moralist exclaims. And

the moralist is right ! But who can assure us of its ever having been present ? Where are the proofs ? The *old year* !—Hath it not passed away like a summer cloud ?—True, but the shower which hath descended therefrom has widely altered the aspect and appearance of our earth. The bud has expanded into blossom—the gay blossom, likewise, has “fallen into the sere and yellow leaf ;” and the withered leaf itself has been swept away by the stream ! In the breast of youth, hope has given place to disappointment, and there is a wrinkle on the brow of age, like the traces of the shower, bearing witness that it *has been* !—And ask you for further proof ?

Now it is that the brain of man is teeming with new projects, and busy itself in forming good resolves ! Projects and resolutions are, however, easier formed than executed ; and therefore, of the thousands who start upon a fresh race, the majority never attain the imaginary goal. Some, afflicted with shortness of breathing, are soon obliged to relinquish the contest, and contentedly take to their old paces ; whilst others, like the over-hasty Nisus, stumble at the very threshold of success, when the prize is all but won !

This is the month of abundant snows, and all the intensity of frost. Keen biting frost is in the ground ; and in the air a bitter, scythe-edged, perforating wind from the north to the north-east, sweeps the descending snow along, whirling it from the open fields, and driving it against whatever opposes its course. People who are obliged to be passing to and fro muffle up their faces, and bow their heads to the blast. There is no loitering, no street gossiping, no stopping to make recognition of each other ; they shuffle along, the most wintery objects of the scene, bearing on their fronts the tokens of the storm. Against every house, rock, or bank, the snowdrift accumulates. It curls over the tops of

walls and hedges in fantastic wildness, forming often the most perfect curves, resembling the scrolls of Ionic capitals, and showing beneath them romantic caves and canopies. —Hollow lanes, pits, and bogs, now become traps for the unwary traveller, the snow filling them up, and the wind leveling all to one deceitful plain. It is a dismal time for the traversers of the wide and open heaths, and one of toil and danger to the shepherd in mountainous tracts. There the snows fall in amazing quantities in the course of a few hours ; and, driven by the powerful winds of those lofty regions, soon fill up the dells and glens to a vast depth.

The delights of the social hearth on such evenings as these, when the wild winds are howling around our dwellings, dashing the snow or hail or splashing rain against our windows, are a favorite theme with poets and essayists, and truly it is an inspiring topic. All our ideas of comfort, of domestic affection, of social and literary enjoyment, are combined in the picture which they draw of the winter's fire-side. When Cowper exclaims,

“ Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,”

who does not feel his heart expand at the thoughts of his own beloved fireside circle, and follow the poet with kindling sympathy through his ensuing apostrophe to winter, and his picture of evening enjoyment ? Such is a *Winter Fireside* ! and we love to hear our writers speaking of its pleasures in strains of enthusiasm. But we may expand the picture. We may add, to the zest of its personal and almost too selfish enjoyments, touches of generous and philanthropic sentiment, which will signally heighten its pleasures, and enlarge its power of improving the heart. How delightful, whilst sitting in the midst of our family or friendly group, in the actual possession of all these pleasures, not only to contemplate our own happiness, but to send our

thoughts abroad over the whole land, and to think what thousands of families are, at the same moment, thus blessedly collected round the social flame ! What hearths are lighted up with all the charms of kindred affection, of mature wisdom, and parental pride ; of youthful gladness, gaiety, and beauty ! Here rural halls and city-homes, like stars, are shining in their own spheres, in unabated warmth and splendor, though hidden beneath the broad veil of wintry darkness ; —the lover's evening visit,—song, the wild tale told to the listening circle,—or the unfolded stores of polite literature, making each a little paradise. But we must turn our eyes from the bright side of the picture to the dark one ;—to the “huts where poor men lie,” where the elegances and amenities of life are not casting their glow, but a frosty wind blows upon shivering groups, who have little fire or clothes to defend them from its bitterness : where no light laugh rings through the room ; no song is heard ; no romantic tale, or mirthful conversation, circles among smiling faces and happy hearts ; but the father,

“ Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretch'd on his straw, himself lies down to sleep,

While through the rugged roof and chinky wall

Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift heap ;”

where the mother sees not her rosy and laughing children snugly consigned to their warm, soft beds, but contemplates, with a heart deadened by the miseries of to-day, and the fears of to-morrow, a sad, little squalid crew around her, who, instead of pleasures and pastimes, know only wants and evils which oppress both soul and body ; where perhaps illness has added its aggravations to the pains and languors of that poverty, which renders the indulgences of a sick room the most hopeless of all things. These are the speculations which tend to enhance our fireside pleasures, and to make those pleasures fruitful, link-

ing our sympathies to the joys and sorrows of our kind, and arousing us to a course of active benevolence.

* * * * *

Of all the cold months in the year, commend me to January ! It is the May of winter ! A season in which the ever-active mind culls its choicest flowers of recollection, while the heart is warmed with looks of happiness, and the hands with the blazing fire ! When gay evergreens flourish upon shelves and chimney-pieces, and by the brightness and variety of their colors within doors, make up for the barren monotony of nature without ! May the time be yet far distant, when this last link of the chain which unites the past with the present, shall be broken ! It hath now, I know, become a fashion to heap ridicule and scorn upon every thing connected with the Good Old Times. But however much the plain manners and customs of our ancestors may be despised by the transcendent sapience of our own day, there is that about them, for which modern improvements can never fully compensate—the Romance of life ! Long, then, very long, may it be, ere the few faint traces of antiquity which yet linger around us at the commencement of the New Year, are scouted hence by the unfeeling hand of self-constituted wisdom ! I pretend not to be wiser than my forefathers, and would fain see the laurel, the holly, and the mistletoe, still adorn our habitations, and the reeking wassail bowl of proverbial hospitality in request, at least *once* in the year ! May the joyous, because innocent, pleasure of the young (and who is not *young* amid youth and festivity ?), continue long to revive in our breasts the glorious remembrance of what we once *were*, and the faerie and the goblin tale share alternate attention with the laughter-creating sports of forfeits and blindman's buff.

Seasons of the olden time—Oh

that the honey-drop of inspiration had fallen on my lips !* Then indeed would I have caused your glories to bloom forever in immortal song, and enshrined your reminiscences in the breasts of unborn generations ! As it is, I must content myself with merely breathing—

A SIGH FOR THE PAST.

Oh for the faeries' mystic dance !
 Oh for the spells of youth !
 Ere science had torn the soft veil of romance
 From the frigid features of Truth.
 When earth was but Fancy's domain !
 And mountain and meadow, and forest, and vale,
 Were peopled by wonders :—and legend and tale
 Held captive the heart and the brain !
 Oh for the seasons of wild delight !
 Oh for the shuddering hour !
 Ere reason had gladden'd the world with its light,

And stript the dread wizard of power.—
 When spirits of ocean and air,
 Triumphant career'd on the wings of the wind,
 Wide scattering destruction from Lapland to Ind,—
 Rejoicing in mortal despair !

Oh for the laugh of innocent mirth !
 Oh for the joyous cheer !
 The revel and glee of the boisterous hearth,
 That welcomed each happy New Year !
 When free and unfetter'd, the mind
 Nor fear'd the future, nor cared for the past,
 Content that the present flew painless and fast,
 And left only sunshine behind.

Oh for the feelings that then had birth !
 Oh for their hopes and fears !
 Ere sorrow had fix'd its abode on the earth,
 Unsealing the fountain of tears.—
 When Hope, with her "pencil of light,"
 Portray'd the dark future, unclouded and gay,
 And years of regret 'neath its hallowing ray,
 Seem'd teeming with joy and delight !

ADVENTURE OF A LONDON TRAVELLER.

"Take heed—have open eyes, for thieves do foot by night."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHOUGH it may not occupy any very exalted rank in public estimation, there are perhaps few modes of active life more cheerful and pleasurable than the occupation of a commercial traveller. I mean the personage strictly and literally so termed, who, with a brace of saddle-bags, or a couple of dromedary-like bumps, traverses the country on horseback from one extremity to the other, exhibiting samples, procuring orders, and collecting debts for some substantial house in the city of London. Such has been my occupation for many years, and I would not change situation with my employers, though I believe them to be as opulent and as much respected as any firm upon 'Change. We travellers are the only representatives of your ancient knights-errant ;—the only trading amateurs who combine bu-

siness with pleasure ; variety, air, exercise, and health, with debts and day-books, samples, shipping, and shopkeeping. If a man of this sort be fond of natural scenery, who can enjoy it in such diversity, and with so leisurely a luxury ? If he delight in studying human nature, who has more pregnant opportunities ? He passes not through the country like a stage-coachman, conversant only with its external features, but dives into the heart of its society in his daily negotiations with its natives, and in his cosmopolitan and comprehensive views is enabled, much better than the philosopher in his closet, to compare, contrast, and relish the never-ending diversities of individual and collective character. Collison and observation make him, even in spite of himself, a citizen of the world. His cockneyism, if he had any,

* According to the ancient Druidic mythology, the bard received his inspiration from a drop of liquid, the produce of certain herbs and other mystic ingredients which were, for one twelvemonth and a day, boiled unceasingly in the cauldron of poetical endowment ; and which drop, whoever was fortunate enough to swallow, became immediately possessed of poetic genius, and the secrets of the veiled future were revealed to his ken.

forsakes him after the first journey ; his views become general and elemental, and he looks down from the high table-land of his own calm mind upon the moral as well as the material landscape, both of which seem to be outspread before him for his special observation and amusement. I assume his mind to be calm, for he is only an agent ; he has the stimulus of business and the excitement of hope, without the constant cares of the one, or the painful disappointment of the other.

Whenever I have an idle hour upon my hands, I love to devote it to billiards, which I consider a healthy and delightful recreation. In one of our great manufacturing towns in the North, I had entered a public house for this purpose, which, as I afterwards found, was frequented by characters of the worst description ; and incautiously mentioning that I was going to walk to Mr. M'B——'s, who resided two or three miles off, for the purpose of receiving a sum of money, I inquired the shortest road to his residence. One of the party present told me there was a way across the fields which would save half a mile, and gave me particular instructions how to find it, adding that it was a common thoroughfare, and I should doubtless see some of the men going or returning from the manufactory. Interested in my play, I pursued it rather longer than usual, but at length hurried away, discovered the footpath across the fields, received the bank-notes, which, according to my invariable practice, I concealed in the lining of my waistcoat, and was returning briskly by the same path, just as the evening began to close around me, when, as I crossed a stile, I heard a rustling in the hedge, and on looking round beheld a villain advancing towards me with an uplifted bludgeon. I raised a stout stick with which I was provided, to repel the assault ; but at the same moment received a tremendous blow upon the head from

a second ruffian, which stretched me senseless upon the grass.

The villains, as it afterwards appeared, rifled my pockets of my watch, loose cash and papers, but without discovering my hidden treasure ; and in this state of insensibility I was soon afterwards found by some good Samaritans of the lower orders, who, having ascertained that my pockets were empty, generously contented themselves with my hat and coat, as a fair remuneration for the trouble of carrying me to the hospital of a large suburban poor-house at no great distance. In this miserable establishment I fell into the hands of two occasional nurses then in the place, who, upon exercising a more rigorous scrutiny into my habiliments, with a view to those strays and waifs of plunder which such callous practitioners usually claim as their perquisite, discovered the hidden bank-notes, and divided them upon the spot as the best security for mutual secrecy.

My wound was shortly examined and dressed by the hospital surgeon ; but the severity of the blow, combining with a violent cold caught by lying upon the wet grass, produced a brain fever, which deprived me of my faculties for several days. In this state the nurse removed me from the public ward to a small detached room, under the pretext of my disturbing the other patients, but in reality that she might have a private chamber in which to give little suppers to her friends with the bank-notes which she had pilfered from my person. It was in this small chamber that, on awaking to recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon a miserable truckle-bed, and felt that my arms were pinioned to my sides by a straight waistcoat, while I heard the hospital-clock toll the hour of midnight, accompanied by the hollow howling of the wind through the two long wards into which the building was divided. At first my faculties seemed but slowly

to recover their power ; and the attempt to arouse my memory to a recollection of the past, only served to mix it up in one confused mass with the present. By degrees, however, beginning to suspect that I had suffered under a temporary privation of reason, I endeavored, without speaking or moving, to divine the meaning of the scene before me, which was well calculated to confound and puzzle apprehension.

Close to the blazing hearth was a large round table, whereon were flaring three unsnuffed tallow-candles, and in the centre of which fumed a brimming and capacious bowl, surrounded by a profuse display of viands, liquors, lemons, sugar, bottles, and glasses. On the mantel-piece were phials, boxes, lint, rags, cataplasms and surgical instruments ; and on the fire beneath, a kettle of goodly dimensions was singing its quiet tune to two female figures who completely filled a couple of wide arm-chairs beside the board, eating, drinking, and chuckling with infinite perseverance and complacency. As one of them had her back to the bed, I could not catch a glimpse of her face ; but I observed a pair of red Atlantean shoulders, the flesh of which, heaving up on either side of the shoulder-strap, seemed anxious to escape from the restraint of its bandages. This, as I found by their conversation, was Mrs. Potts, a visitant to my appointed nurse Mrs. Graves, who sat opposite to her in all the dignity of voluminous and undulating fat ; and I was enabled to make the further discovery that they were carousing upon the spoil which had been ferreted from the lining of my waistcoat. Falstaff typifying Mother Pratt, the fat woman of Brentford, was not a whit more corpulent and cumbersome than these triple-chinn'd harpies ; and as their dialogue proceeded, I was more than once tempted to wish that I had Ford's cudgel in my hand, and Ford's vigor and good-will for its exercise.

"Come, Mrs. Potts," quoth the worthy nurse, "you don't drink ; fill your glass, fill your glass. Here have I been drinking Madeira ever since this lucky Godsend, to see if I could fancy it as well as Booth's best ; but it's sad watery, washy stuff, compared to blue ruin or heavy wet. Howsomever, I put a bottle into this here bowl of punch, and I don't think it's much the worse."

"Hark ! there's the gentleman awake," cried Mrs. Potts, as I gave an involuntary groan at this appropriation of my money.—"Well, never mind if he is," replied Mrs. Graves. "Lord love you, he's as mad as a March hare ; knows no more what he's talking about than the Pope of Rome."—"Oh, ay, cracked in the upper-story is he ?—they're rummish customers to deal with, those crazy chaps ; but I don't dislike 'em, for one's not bound to pay any attention to their freaks and fancies. It isn't as if one had Christians to deal with. One on 'em played me a slippery trick, though, some years ago. I was dosing away in my chair, not much caring to get up and notice his clamor for water, when, would you believe it, ma'am ? he jumps out of bed, and ere you could say Jack Robinson, whips me up in his arms, and claps me right slap upon a great blazing fire !"

"Lord !" exclaimed Mrs. Graves, shrieking with laughter till her whole system swagged with repeated undulations, "how shocking ! but it was monstrous comical though, wasn't it ?"—"Not so comical neither, ma'am, if I hadn't happened to have a thick stuff gown on, and a couple of flannel petticoats, so that I got off for this here burn upon my arm and the loss of my clothes. Business runs shameful slack, now, Mrs. Graves ; no good jobs stirring ; though, to be sure, the little bundle of flimsies done up so knowing in this chap's waistcoat was a famous haul ; but we have no nice fevers ; a terrible time since we had a good measles among the children, and no influenzy this here season as there

was last. People are scandalous healthy to what they used to be. Then that unlucky vaccine spoils trade shamefully. Old Mother Tibbs remembers when she used to lay out eighteen or twenty children every year, all dead of the small-pox, and come in for all their clothes, besides pickings and perquisites."

"Very true, very true, Mrs. Potts, our's is a starving business; we must make the most of jobs now; so fill t'other glass, and pick a bit more of the pigeon pie. Here's to you, ma'am. Howsomever, I have no reason to complain; for, what with gentlemen's broken limbs from gigs, and their shooting themselves, or one another, in the sporting season, there's always some lucky misfortune or another turning up. 'Twas but last month I set a chap of this sort upon his crutches, who had eighty-three shots lodged in his calf, by his friend Capt. Blinkensop, when taking aim at a hare—"

"Eighty-three shots! that's a large lot ain't it?"

"Yes, but one wouldn't be niggardly with a friend, you know. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ay, ay, you will have your laugh, Mrs. Graves; but you were always a wag. Well, my last job was with Lady —. Psha! I shall forget my own name next. Lady What-d'ye-call—she as had the fine funeral t'other day; it's no odds for her name, and a pretty plague she was!—Always a grumbling 'cause I took snuff. Will you have a pinch, Mrs. Graves? That's the second lady of quality as I had the job on. Last Michaelmas was a year (I remember it by the famous goose my nevy sent me out of Yorkshire) that I laid out Lady Augustus Yellowley, at last, after she had gone on shilly-shallying for seven or eight weeks; and, would you believe it, ma'am? they were shabby enough not to let me have an Ingey shawl, though she died in it, pretending I wasn't entitled to nothing but the body-linen."

"Well, Mrs. Potts, that's the

very way they served me when Alderman Sowerby's lady hopped the twig. Howsomever, they got nothing by it; for, in packing up my box, a large white lace veil slipped in by mere accident: and as they never sent for it, of course I warn't bound to give it up."

"These accidents will happen to the most careful of us, Mrs. Graves. Ha! ha! ha! and really they shouldn't look too closely into these matters, for our perquisites now-a-days are no great shakes. What's peck and perch, and a pound a week? Why, I got as much twenty year ago, when I was in the wet line and went out a-suckling. I've known the day, too, when a hint of a good subject to a resurrection-man was worth a couple of guineas; but Lord love you! they make such a fuss about the matter now-a-days, that the poor fellows can hardly get salt to their porridge. And then folks dies such shabby shriveled atomies of late, that they're scarcely worth the cutting up. If one could get hold of a nice proper young man, now, shot in a duel."

"Ay, Mrs. Potts, or this here gentleman that's lying on the bed; he's in the prime of life, stout and healthy, just the proper age and subject for dying; but somehow my mind misgives me strangely that the chap will recover."

"Let us hope not,—let us hope not; it would be a monstrous shame:—here's to you, Mrs. Graves."

"It would really be a pity," replied the latter, refilling her glass; "for, what with the flimsies in his waistcoat, and what with the body, he might be one of the prettiest jobs we have had a long while."

In this strain the conversation continued some time longer, and as I knew my helpless state, and really apprehended that these harpies might strangle or make way with me if they suspected my recovery, I remained perfectly still, pretending to be asleep, until the huge bowl of Madeira punch being com-

pletely emptied, my two companions began to nod at one another, and finally snored so unmercifully that I was effectually prevented from joining in the chorus. Waiting impatiently the arrival of the medical attendant next morning, I communicated to him the recovery of my senses, imploring that I might be instantly sent to a friend's house in the town, as I felt quite able to bear the removal. Here my health was in a few days perfectly re-established, and it was my first care to

obtain the dismissal of the nurses, and compel them to refund the remainder of their plunder. As to the scoundrels who had attacked me, although I had no doubt they were the same with whom I had been playing billiards, I had no means of identifying them, so I left them for the present uninterrupted in their progress to the gallows; and mounting my nag and companion, for he deserves both appellations, I joyfully turned my back upon this unlucky town.

A PASS OF THE ABRUZZI, THE BRIGAND'S HOME.

BY DELTA.

"When we are with our comrades met
Under the forest bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IT was on a surly October day, that, after having taken a peep at the ancient regal palace of Scone, I found myself, by three in the afternoon, with my feet on the fender, within the Salutation Inn at Perth. I had secured my seat to Edinburgh in the Spread Eagle; so had nought to do, but look forward to my solitary dinner, for which preparations were making. A volume of Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveller* lay on a side-table; and I endeavored to fill up the interim vacuity, over the pages of that accomplished and admirable writer.

Indeed, so much was I interested, that, however impatient before, I felt annoyed when the horn blew; and half reluctantly took my seat in the coach, into which two passengers had alrerdly stepped. They appeared, from several circumstances, to be husband and wife.

The lord and master of the twain was a gentleman of some fifty-five years, or, "By'r lady," as Falstaff says, "inclining to three-score." He had cosied himself into a corner, which he left not unoccupied, being a personage of imposing dimensions. A low-crowned, broad-

brimmed chapeau was slouched over his eyes; and a Spanish cloak of blue frieze, ample of fold, with a red collar, of the poodle-dog style of beauty, clasped tightly about his neck, left not much of his countenance visible; save a pair of little black eyes, that glanced like a rat's, and two promontories, which might be guessed as the tips of his nose and chin. Immense bunches of lanky hair overhung his ears; and, altogether, his air was that of a substantial Lowland grazier.

The wife—for so the "my dears" that floated between them pointed her out to be—was externally the reverse of all this. She was shriveled and scraggy, one of Pharaoh's lean kine; with a treble-toned voice, which omened her capability of scolding. Ever and anon, she made a silent appeal to her snuff-box,—but, without this, her devotion to the "noxious weed" of Sir Walter Raleigh might have been shrewdly imagined, from a certain expression of the nose and mouth, peculiar to all votaries of the herb.

The halcyon days of courtship having no doubt long ago passed over between them, they found little

to say to each other,—and nothing to me. As we passed over Kinnoul Hill, twilight was setting in ; and the day died away beyond the summits of the western Grampians. The eyes of the grazier, who sat like a Polar bear in the corner, began to gather straws ; and, at a rough rut on the road, I could perceive the head of Madame nodding *a la mandarin*.

The evening was cloudy and without frost ; and I had occasionally a glimpse of the evening star, over the flying rack. The banks and forests by the way-side looked sombre and gloomy ; and, resting my chin on the umbrella between my knees, imagination transported me to the mountain solitudes of the Appenines and the Abruzzi ; amongst which I had formerly traveled, and whither an excellent picture, which I had recently seen, carried my recollections.

One scene, however, was uppermost in my mind. Never shall I forget the events of that evening. The Estafette had left Distria at three, and we expected to reach Rocca Priori by nightfall ; the daylight being yet tolerably long, and eked out by an early moonrise.

Here were we three strangers, associated accidentally — companions in travel for the last two days — and bound together only by one tie of unity, that of reaching our rendezvous in company.

Methinks I see him yet :—opposite to me, with his back towards the horses—a pair of sorry nags, in sorrier harness—squatted a lusty Capuchin friar ; whose conversational powers had been gradually wearing themselves out in anecdotes of monastic life, so full of pathos and simple beauty, as would have almost weaned an alderman, to seclude himself from all the world congregated at a civic feast, and have made him abhor the bare mention of calapash and calapee : and, by my side, sate an elegantly formed female, through whose close veil I could yet snatch traces of a

beauty, which downcast eyes and a mournful silence could not obscure. A richly furred cloak was thrown across her shoulders, to protect her from the damps of evening, and from the cold, which, after sunset, frequently becomes almost piercing in these elevated regions. It was evident that her fate had been a melancholy one, and that probably the darkness of it was not yet over. She traveled under the escort of the holy father ; and, not unlikely, her destiny was the convent.

At a small way-side inn, we changed horses, and proceeded without dismounting from the vehicle. Our road now became more steep and rugged ; and crack, crack, went the whip of the driver. As we slowly wound along the ascent, we had time to survey the magnificent and ever-varying scenery around us. The wild fowl sprang from the thickets ; and, as the bright sunshine shot from the west, the alternations of light and shade became extremely picturesque, in the rugged outlines of the wooded crags, and the slumbrous twilight of the vallies, into which a hundred streamlets fell sparkling. The poor animals soon became jaded ; and many a "*Cospetto !*" and "*Corpo del Bacco !*" was uttered by the irritated brandisher of the thong.

Evening was setting in apace, and the Capuchin fidgeted about, as if he was uneasy. Looking across to me, he ejaculated with something of anxiety,—“ I fear we shall get belated here. We are yet seven miles from our destination, and these very passes around us have, not long ago, been the scenes of robbery and murder. The village of Rocca Priori should have been reached by this time :—that ever we shall reach it, I now much doubt.”

“ *Per l'amor di Dio !* say not so ;” exclaimed the beautiful Signora, starting in alarm. “ Let me not fall alive into the hands of these ruffian banditti ! Methought I was about to enter a peaceful sanctuary ;—

and distress is still my companion. Had we not better dismount and return?"

"Be not alarmed, Imilda," said the Capuchin, in a soothing tone. "The dangers of these roads may have been overdrawn; and although my profession forbids the use of arms, I doubt not our fellow traveller does not journey unprotected."

"I confess," returned I, groping, in the side pocket of the carriage, for the woollen case containing my pistols, "that I am not perhaps so well prepared as I might have been, —since so much danger is to be apprehended; for I was not at all aware of this route being infested in the manner you mention." Round and round went my hand in the bottom of the pocket; the case was not there—nor, to my mortification, to be found within the vehicle.

"This is most extraordinary," I exclaimed. "It is not possible that, in my hurry, I have left the case on the inn table! No—no; it cannot be. I have a distinct recollection of having put it into the pocket here, just after you, Sir, had got in—and before I returned for my cloak, which one of the servants was drying for me. I am as well assured that I placed it in this pocket, as I am of my own existence."

"Indeed," said the Capuchin, "why, it is not a little extraordinary, and somewhat unaccountable; but really, what we firmly intended to do occasionally wears, in memory's eye, the aspect of something we have done; so much so, that it is difficult in such cases to discern between the intention and the fact. Very probably the dangers of the Abruzzi may have been drawn to me by an over-charged pencil. Surely man's nature cannot be in any state so degraded, that he would refuse mercy to a helpless maiden, or to an unoffending son of the Church! And your being in such company may be a sufficient protection for you."

My heart could not but soften at this speech of the reverend man, which betokened so much simplicity and ignorance of the ways of a wicked world. "Would, holy father," returned I, "that the heart of man were as you imagine it!"

"Have you, then, no other means of defence about you?" asked the Capuchin earnestly.

It now occurred to me,—for I had forgotten it till this time,—that I had a blade in my walking-cane. "This cane is a sword-stick," I said; "and may, in extremity, serve us instead of a better weapon."

"Unsheathe it!" cried the Capuchin loudly, for we were just driving past a mountain torrent, which rendered his accents nearly inaudible,—"unsheathe it, and let me see what sort of a thing it is."

I did so; and as I pulled it half out, I chanced to look in his face, on which sat a sardonic grin. "It is slender," he said, "and would require to be of good temper."

The sneering laugh of the Capuchin somewhat perplexed me.

"Alas!" he continued, "that is a mere lath of a thing;—and is but a sorry protection for three, against a horde of brigands."

As he thus spoke, the fair Signora sank back into the corner of the carriage, and fetched a deep sigh. So powerfully was she affected, that I was in fears of her swooning altogether away.

"Would to heaven," exclaimed the holy father, "that we were through these wild passes uninjured. We are but as clay in the hands of the potter! Would we were all safely landed within the gates of our monastery of San Francesco; and it might rain apple-blossoms in January, ere they got me out again, to wander on any of their confounded missions."

"Alas!" said the fair Signora, sobbing, "I seem destined to bring sorrow on all who even commiserate my situation. Would that I had died, rather than have involved

thee, holy father, in my wretched fate !”

We had by this time gained the summit of an eminence, from which we perceived that the wild dim mountain scenery completely girdled us around. Nature here reigned in her stern and savage magnificence. The scope of the eye took in no vestige of man, or of his mole-hill works. Over abrupt and tremendous precipices hung venerable trees, that seemed almost mysteriously to have found footing. An occasional wild goat stood picturesquely on the bare ledge, between the eye and the horizon ; and, through clefts and fissures, rivulets, whose waters sparkled in the mellow rays of the setting sun, tumbled flashing into the dim and rayless vallies. Over all, the eagle screamed and soared, dashing the last crimson beams of daylight from his majestic pinions.

Descending the winding road, we came to an angle, which showed to us a fresh expanse of Alpine scenery ;—and there, between two parted hills, the light from the west broke in upon a platform of sod, where human figures were distinctly seen moving about.

My first instinct was to scrutinize them through my glass : there they were—freebooters to a certainty. They were clad in jackets and trowsers of gaudy colours ; had the usual broad-brimmed conical-crowned hats ; and their sashes stuck full of pistols and poniards. Several were reclining on the grass—a proof that we were not yet perceived ; and others were seated round a fire, which burned in a recess of the mountain. “ Do you see that ? ” said I to the monk, handing him over my telescope.

“ By San Gennaro ! it is all over with us,” he exclaimed, with a wonderful degree of coolness. “ There are not braver or more desperate men in Christendom ; we had better at once surrender at discretion. Each is an over-match for a lusty *gen-d’armes* ; so, I opine, we have

no chance of rooting a host of them with your sword-stick. The die is thrown : let us all turn our pockets inside out, and cry mercy.”

So saying, the capuchin scratched his shaven crown, and smiled, or rather laughed. “ And as for you, my fair Imilda,” added he, “ I would advise you to make up your mind to it. There are worse situations in the world than that of becoming a bandit’s bride. Make a virtue of necessity, and Mother Church will absolve you, for I see no other way for it, my little rosebud.”

A sudden thought now flashed across my mind ; and, as apparently we were not yet perceived by the banditti, I determined at once to put my suspicions to the test. “ I shall cry to the driver to halt,” I said, “ and let us dismount, ere it be too late.”

While in the act of rising for this purpose I turned to the Signora, who, terror-struck, remained almost insensible,—saying, “ Will you accompany me, or proceed forward ? You may depend upon whatever protection I can give, and, on the honor of a gentleman, I swear not to leave you, while I have breath ; if you prefer proceeding, of course I cannot help it. Stop ! *veturino* ; I say, *hallo* !—stop !”

“ Go on ! ” shouted the Capuchin, at the top of his voice, clapping his hand upon my mouth, and thrusting me down with his brawny arm ; while in a twinkling, one of my own pistols was cocked at my head. “ Diavolo ! ” he cried, “ be quiet, if you don’t want your brains blown out.”

“ Pinion him,” shouted the Signora,

“ *Heu quantum mutatis ab illa !* ”

“ Pinion the fellow ! ”—and I felt myself seized by the elbows, with any thing but feminine softness, by the beautiful unknown, who, doffing a veil and mask, showed a majestic aquiline nose, overlooking a forest of mustachios. While he also groped for a pistol in his girdle, and the Bandit shone revealed, I dashed in

desperation the arm of the quondam Capuchin aside. Off went the cocked pistol: and, whether he was shot or not, such a yell arose, that, in the utmost trepidation,—I awoke.

"Hold him—hold him, for the sake of goodness!" shouted the grazier—"he is furious—wild—non-compos—as mad as a march hare!"

"He has broken all the coach-windows!" cried the lady.

"He has broken my head!" responded her mate.

"Will nobody succor us?"—"Murder!—murder!" was the chorus of man and wife.

When Jehu, with his coat of nineteen capes, opened the door to inquire the meaning of all this strange disturbance, it was some time before I was sufficiently recovered from my sleep and terror to explain that a striking picture, which I had lately seen, had forcibly wrought on my imagination in a dream. At last I succeeded in persuading all parties that I was safe traveling company to the next stage; and ever since that night, I have been frequently haunted with terrible visions of this *Pass of the Abruzzi*.

THE THREE MARIES. BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THEY sate, in sorrow sunken low,
Astounded and amazed;
They had seen the fairest visions go;
On fearful things had gazed.
Apart, in places secret, still,
In shadowy nooks they sate apart;
A scatter'd troop, all sunk in heart,
Devoid of hope or will.

Theirs had a splendid progress been,—
A path than earth's more bright;
There Heaven had pour'd its richest sheen,
There bid its peace alight.
And they had walk'd in glory on,
With songs and with rejoicings loud,
A wondering, hoping, happy crowd,
Round God's benignant Son.

But horror, like a bolt of fire,
Burst on them sudden, vast;
Struck down they saw the hoped Messiah;
O'er earth hell's shadow cast:
They saw their temple's veil all rent!
The world was rocking 'neath their tread!
Wide yawn'd the graves; forth walk'd
the dead,
And through the city went!

Like men by lightning struck, they lay
Bewilder'd, crush'd, and low;
And ponder'd through the sabbath-day,
In half-despairing woe.
For this they trusted had been he
That Israel should at length redeem:
Gone was the hope—a glorious dream!
A brilliant mockery!

Thus did his proudest followers do;—
Thus did heroic men!
But woman's spirit, soft yet true,
Rose in its brightness then.
In life, from pleasant Galilee,
They follow'd meekly in his train;
To watch his need, to soothe his pain;
Thus did the Maries three.

She who had borne that slaughter'd son—
The mother through whose soul
The sword of agony had gone
To make her people whole;
She whom his mighty word set free
From fierce and fiendish spirits seven;
One who her sons to him had given:
A fair, immortal three.

They saw him perish on the cross;
In earth they saw him laid;
They felt his pangs, they wept his loss,
Trembling and sore dismay'd.
But woman's heart and woman's will
Glow'd warmly through their wildest
woe;
They felt the ruin of the blow,
But felt they loved him still.

And long before the coming dawn
They sate amid the gloom,
Regardless of the watchers' scorn,
Beside the Saviour's tomb.
With precious spices in their hand
They weeping sate, and there did tell
Of each good deed and miracle
He wrought through all the land.

Oh! worthy were ye, women true,
That first to you was given
The wondrous and the wildering view
Of all the power of Heaven.
To see the tomb forever rent;
The gates of heavenly life set wide;
To see the Scorn'd and Crucified
Arise—Omnipotent!

To see, to hear, to clasp his feet;
To set the full heart free;
All the wild flood of feelings sweet
To pour out mightily.
To run, and, with a word, around
Such thrilling tidings to unfold
That, unto spirits faint and cold,
Seem'd madness in the sound.

A sound !—it lives, it vibrates yet !
 Since first ye gave it birth,
 Without decline, or halt, or let,
 It journeys through the earth.
 A sound of wonder and of fear ;
 A sound of joy, and hope, and life ;
 A sound, before which, hate and strife
 And darkness disappear.

Illustrious women !—who, like you,
 Have won a rich renown ?
 Your love and faith are ever new ;
 Your deeds shall travel down
 Through time,—through wide eternity.
 Where'er the immortal hope is stirr'd,
 Where'er Christ's living law is heard,
 There shall be known the Maries three.

VITALIS.

THE story of Heyne* is, probably, sufficiently known ; but respecting Vitalis, perhaps the information is not so general. *Certainly* it is not, save amongst students of Swedish literature, or readers of the *Foreign Review*, wherein is the only account of the birth and calamitous life of this ill-fated poet, so early doomed to the tenancy of the grave. Our own Henry Kirke White is but a feeble shadow, compared to what young Vitalis became ; though, it must be acknowledged, that the former died much younger than the latter, who lived to complete his thirty-fourth year. Perhaps the following extract from the *Foreign Review* may be valuable :

“The restlessness of his (Vitalis) temper, the constant struggle of a gigantic mind with a weak and feeble frame—

‘A fiery soul which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay’—

his eager longing for the liberation of the spirit from the trammels of earthly cares and sufferings, all became for him the springs of lofty lyrical effusion. The character of lyrical poetry is subjective within the breast of the poet, and expanding the world of sentiment, feeling, and ideas. The lyrical poet stands in no need of history or of practical life in order to produce effect ; he draws from his own sources, is the creator of his own world. He abandons not the recesses of contemplation in

order to celebrate what he sees and experiences without—he rather draws the visible objects of external life within the sphere of his internal world. He sings not of others, but of himself. The following delineation of the character of Vitalis, by an abler hand than ours, may serve to corroborate the view which we have taken of him. Geijer says :—‘Earnestness, honesty, purity, were the ever harmonious tones of his character, which, in other respects, appeared, and undoubtedly was, a composition of contrasts. As his physical frame was a contrast to his strength of mind, so his mind, in many respects, was its own contrast, displaying, both together and alternately, weakness and strength, softness and severity, humility and pride, candor and suspicion, mirth and sadness, childish whims and manly reason. The constituents of the man were also those of the poet, and both of these wanted a higher harmony. Suffering, cares, and penury, also, too often seized upon that wondrous soul-music of which the purified tones now belong to more exalted spheres. The language of Vitalis is the image of a spirit striving to gain its due expression—at times harsh, torpid, rough, and wearying—at others pure and delightful : it is not a stream conducted by an easy art to reflect all flowers on its way : it is rather a metal, fused by the internal fire, and thus cast in unbroken and sounding forms.’

* See *Athenium*, Vol. III. 3d Series, p. 78.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
In its May-wreath crown'd, and there
Saw day-rise in gold and in purple glow,
And I cried—' Oh Life, how fair !'

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,
When the dawning time was nigh,
So waken'd for song in the breast of man
A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar
From home afar in its flight,
To roam, like the Sun, still from shore to
shore,
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
And, wrapt in devotion and prayer,
Saw night-rise in silver and purple glow,
And I cried—' Oh Death, how fair !'

And when that the soft evening wind, so meek,
With its balmy breathing came,
It seem'd as though Nature then kiss'd my
cheek
And tenderly sigh'd my name !

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children, the stars to her came ;
The exploits of Man then seem'd to me small—
Nought great save the Infinite's Name.

Ah, how unheeded, all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While th' eternal thoughts in the Poet's
breast,
Like stars in the Heavens arise !

"Poor Vitalis ! thy longing was
soon gratified, and thy impatient
spirit freed from its prison of mortality. Now are known to thee the manifold and mysterious meanings of thy worshiped Nature :—the smiling loveliness of fields and flowers ; the awful silence of the forest ; the unfathomable depth of lakes and seas—all—all are explained to thee in the clear light of Wisdom and of Love."

We were once speaking with an acquaintance respecting Vitalis, and we urged our opinion that he died in consequence of his sheer ignorance of the world ; for had he known the world better, he would have better learnt to accommodate himself to its common ways. But our acquaintance thought differently ; expressing himself in the highest terms of praise of the poet who chose to retire into independent beggary, rather than receive a

small pension from the heir-apparent of Sweden, while studying at the University of Upsala. The consequence was, that Vitalis threw himself into the arms of penury, and that penury corroded his life-blood, like slow, cunning, and subtle poison. But this very act showed that poor Vitalis carried in his breast a small portion of the leaven of human weakness. When was it given to humanity to be perfect in all things ? Had Vitalis possessed a better knowledge of the world, he would, doubtless, have acted otherwise : had he possessed, as a counsellor, another Archivarius Lindhorst, his name would not now, perhaps, be found upon a tomb-stone, for true and virtuous hearts to weep over ; but would have been as a star dominant in the galaxy of the illustrious on earth, that humbler men might bask in the rays of its all-glorious light, praying for the continuance of its benignant influence. But, in want of this counsellor, Vitalis was left unacquainted with the sinuous ways of this tumultuous world, and he shut himself up in a circumscribed valley and a rugged cave of his own,—where he communed with Poetry and Despair, until at length they tore out his entrails, and feasted, in laughter, on his mangled limbs. What good reason had Vitalis for refusing the kindness of his sovereign's son ? A mere apprehension that he might be conceived a court pensioner ! What if he had been so noted down in the opinions of all men ? Is a truly virtuous Prince amongst those Utopian formations, thought of, dreamed of, but never seen ! If so, the human race is stultified in placing government in the hands of individuals who would be, by the inscrutable will of Providence, a race more akin to the beasts of the field than to man, made erect, and after the image of his Maker. But the consciousness of his own existence, his own sense of virtue, must have given a contradiction to this supposition of Vitalis. Did not Shaks-

peare partake of assistance from a friend? Did not Spencer receive a portion of public money? Did not Schiller and Hoffman eat of the bounty of a patron? Has not Göthe been long indebted to the good Duke of Weimar? Does not Bowles stand obliged to the patron of the advowson of Bremhill? Is not William Wordsworth in the pay of government; and Robert Southey Poet Laureate of England? And is virtue incompatible with the trust of offices and the receipt of favors? If so, where are the miserable wretches who so far degrade human nature by their base venality? Drag them into punishment; for it were good for them that a millstone were about their necks, and they were cast into the sea! But let Humanity lift up its desponding head; virtue is not incompatible with our nature. He who, taking his place amongst his fellow-creatures, fulfils, amidst the temptations and trying circumstances of life, his duty to his neighbor, is, indeed, as far as man is concerned,

"The happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be!"

But Vitalis would have had it otherwise: he was tutor in a family of consoling friends during the period of his last illness; they paid him every possible attention; but the unbending soul of the poet could not brook this consideration, and he went into an hospital, and died! Did we not know it were otherwise, we should ask, was there the true milk of human kindness in the bosom of this man? Had his heart ever overflowed with the sweet waters of gratitude? By what right did he assume to be a dispenser of favors, if he spurned a proffered kindness? Is not human existence carried onward by the laws of mutuality? Is not a man a gregarious animal? and if so, was it intended that he should approach his neighbor, and, taking his stand, should gaze at him in proud independence; or is it not in his mortal destiny

that he should assist and be assisted in turn? Is it not in the order of his earthly existence that he should be a cenobite, and not an ascetic? And yet Vitalis—poor, misguided, unhappy, virtuous Vitalis—wished, in his own person, to counteract the pre-ordained operations of nature! Did we not know the man's character thoroughly, we should have concluded that his actions emanated from pride and stubbornness; and these qualities are not predicates of the possession of all-soaring genius! The earth is the fitting habitation of the two monsters, pride and stubbornness; the angel form of all-soaring genius is under perpetual effort to mount upwards, to regain and walk upon the golden pavements of its own paternal mansion in the skies. Had Vitalis known the world, he would have been conscious that life required active duties; that existence must be supported by the never-ceasing labor of the hands. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was God's primeval curse on man; it behoves not man, therefore, to sit down in indolence, expecting a pitying Providence to send him food, miraculously, by the ravens of Elijah the prophet! Yet when we contemplate the life and death of this younger prophet, this true genius and son of song, we could weep, for very sorrow, in bitterness of heart. A little would have saved him; an early counsellor, a calm, prudent, guiding, and loving friend would have extricated him from all danger, supported his tender footsteps over the burning marl of mortal life, until he had gained strength, and been able to walk abroad in the fulness and ripened energy of manhood. The secrets of existence, however, are dark—dark and unfathomable; yet the lives of Vitalis and Blake proclaim this manifest moral: "Youth, arise, and be a-doing in the path marked out for thy career of life by the omniscient and omnipotent Taskmaster in heaven!"

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE STYLE OF BURKE.

BY JOHN MERRITT, ESQ.

IF I were compelled by any irresistible power to give some sort of answer to that vague and useless question, which in the wantonness of psychological controversy has sometimes been started ; who is the master mind of the human race, or which is the "largest-sized intellect" that the records of nature have yet shown ? I should be tempted to name, though not without hesitation, Edmund Burke. He always appeared to me to have a clearer and deeper insight into the phenomena of human nature and civil society than any other writer ; and these two capital objects of mental contemplation afford, I should presume, a fair criterion of intellectual strength. But the power by which Burke was enabled to reach his vast conclusions was rather intuitive than ratiocinative. What is called a chain of reasoning he never attempted, and probably despised. I doubt whether he had patience or endurance for the elaborate eduction of remote truths from obvious premises. His strength was, indeed, gigantic ; but it was rather the strength of a Hercules which tears up a tree by the roots, than of the sturdy woodman who brings it down by continued labor. His was a process far less slow, though little less sure. He could not, as other philosophers have done, descend by obscure and painful steps to the bottom of the well where truth is said to lie hidden. He must discern it at a glance, and seize it by a spring, or it eluded his grasp. But when dragged to light by his irresistible energy, the homage of every eye and the assent of every understanding were, at once, compelled.

Such being the character of Burke's astonishing mind, it is evident that his faculties were not adapted to any work which required a series of combined and sustained efforts. His capacity was to in-

struct mankind, not by dissertations and treatises, but by sentences and phrases. The only attempt he ever made at systematic composition was his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, written in early youth : and it exhibits rather the results of his studies than the products of his natural powers. It is in many parts finely imagined and beautifully written ; but as a work of philosophy, it is fast passing into oblivion.

His opinions having in them, as we have seen, more of the nature of instinct than of conviction ; he was liable to be sometimes in the wrong ; and in that case, his errors became truly portentous and alarming. As they struck on his own mind with the force of self-evident truths, he made no allowance for those who could not see so far, and felt no toleration for those who saw differently. He sent them forth to the world with all the power of his mighty eloquence, and they effected their conquests by the irresistible tyranny of genius. It is far from my present purpose to attempt any analysis of those doctrines which have divided the whole civilized world. They are noticed merely as an illustration of his character as a writer.

In my judgment, the fame of Burke will, as I have already intimated, rest principally on the profundity of his philosophy ; his deep inspection into human action and human motive ; his exact acquaintance with the nature of civilized and social man, the structure of governments, their principle of action, and capacities of improvement. With a large portion of the public, however, he seems to be viewed in a different light. It is the eloquence of Burke, and not his philosophy, on which his renown has hitherto rested.

Of the peculiar and distinctive character of this eloquence, though it is now necessary to speak, it is not easy to give an adequate de-

scription. Like all the other arts which address themselves to the passions and the imagination, rather than to the intellect, its effects may be felt and conceived, but cannot be easily described; or, at least, must be described chiefly by examples. For the most part, his style is verbose and declamatory; abounding in lavish description and profuse amplification. Sometimes, however, there is in it a fervid intensity which no writer has ever surpassed. But in general, his periods exhibit rather the flowing rotundity of Cicero than the stern sententiousness of Demosthenes. The leading excellences of his declamation are, an inexhaustible affluence; unequalled vigor and versatility; an extraordinary power of raising up agitation and alarm; and perhaps a more absolute mastery over language than any other man ever possessed. There is often an awful mysteriousness about his language: a sort of divine *afflatus*, which gives to his denunciations the air of prophecy, and to his aphorisms the appearance of inspired truth. His principal defects are, a general want of simplicity, and, consequently, of genuine pathos; a constant tendency to extravagance and exaggeration; an occasional coarseness which sets all delicacy and taste at defiance; and, lastly, a surfeiting exuberance, which formerly wearied the patience of his auditors, and would frequently exhaust his readers, if they did not happily possess the power of resting as often as they pleased.

The excess to which he carried this love of redundancy may serve to explain a phenomenon which often perplexes the retired student of modern eloquence. He learns with astonishment, on reading the records of the time, that Fox, Pitt, and other eminent orators of the day, were listened to in the House of Commons with far greater applause and attention than Burke; though, when he deliberately reads their published speeches, he perceives

that they are no more to be compared with the effusions of that mighty genius, than the speeches of Isocrates are to be classed with the orations of Demosthenes. It so happened, however, that in his later years Burke was generally heard with weariness and impatience; not that he was much more prolix than Fox, but, instead of producing that impression of reality and sincerity which that great orator never failed to raise, he always excited the idea that he was rather laboring a case, than pouring forth the convictions of his own mind.

In the common acceptance of the phrase, Burke could not be called a learned man. He was more properly a man of knowledge than of learning. The native force which impelled him forward was too impetuous to allow him to pause long on his career to master the acquisitions of feeble intellects who had gone before him. Very learned men are seldom found among the highest class of minds. Burke was well informed, and sometimes even curiously informed, on all general topics, but technically proficient in few or none. His quotations from the classics, though in general felicitous, are all gathered in the common highways of literature. There is, however, one striking peculiarity in his mode of quotation which cannot fail to force itself on the attention, and is strongly characteristic of the fervor of his composition. When the heat of his subject forces upon him the recollection of some well-known passage, he instantly pours it forth in his own words, with far greater force than the original, and without the least reference to the author or his work. He gives the impression of being unable to pause in his vivid career for so trifling an object as the formality of quotation. This has a powerful and delightful effect on the mind of the classical reader. An instance or two will sufficiently explain what is here said. Thus, in his first letter on the regicide

peace, he says, "Out of the tomb of the murdered monarchy of France has arisen a vast, unformed, tremendous spectre, of a far more terrific guise," &c. &c. And, in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, he says, "With a benevolence equally wise and liberal; thinking nothing alien to him which concerned the species to which he belongs," &c. &c.

Every one can immediately see how these well-known phrases of Virgil and Terence are here incorporated into the composition of Burke, without the useless formality of literal quotation.

I shall conclude these remarks with a few extracts from such portions of the writings of Burke as appear to be most expressive of the peculiar and extraordinary character of his thoughts and style. The necessary limits of an essay of this kind will, of course, oblige me to confine these extracts to a very few passages, and these so curtailed as to exhibit very imperfectly the objects for which they were selected. But those who feel their curiosity excited may easily extend their researches. The following observations are taken from that wonderful production, the *Reflections on the Revolution in France*: a work which contains a greater and more valuable body of political philosophy than any single book that I have ever perused. Indigested and desultory it certainly is; abounding in exaggerations, and not free from misrepresentations; but replete with the soundest and most sublime lessons of wisdom.

"The men of light and leading in England, would think that those do not believe in religion, who do not take care that it should be preached to the poor. But as they know that charity is not confined to any one description, but ought to apply itself to all men who have wants; they are not deprived of a due and anxious sensation of pity to the distressed of the miserable great. They are not repelled, through a

fastidious delicacy at the stench of their arrogance and presumption, from a medicinal attention to their mental blotches and running sores. They are sensible that religious instruction is of more consequence to them than to any others: from the greatness of the temptations to which they are exposed; from the important consequences that attend their faults; from the contagion of ill example; from the necessity of bowing down the stubborn neck of their pride and ambition to the yoke of moderation and virtue; from a consideration of the fat stupidity and gross ignorance, concerning what imports men most to know, which prevails at courts, and at the head of armies, and in senates, as much as at the town, and in the field.

"The English people are satisfied, that to the great, the consolations of religion are as necessary as its instructions. They, too, are among the unhappy. They feel personal and domestic sorrow. In these they have no privilege; but are subject to pay their full contingent to all contributions levied on mortality. They want the sovereign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties, which, being less conversant about the limited wants of animal life, range without limit, and are diversified by infinite combinations in the wild and unbounded regions of imagination. Some charitable dole is wanting to these, our often very unhappy brethren, to fill the gloomy void that reigns in minds which have nothing on earth to hope or fear; something to relieve in the killing languor and over-labored lassitude of those who have nothing to do: something to create an appetite to existence in the palled satiety which attends on all pleasures which may be bought, when Nature is not left to her own process, where even desire is anticipated, and, therefore, fruition defeated by meditated schemes and contrivances of delight; and no interval or obstacle is interposed be-

tween the wish and the accomplishment."

This passage affords a specimen of many of the leading attributes of Burke's character and manner as a writer, his striking intermixture of impressive and affecting eloquence with deep philosophy and recondite ethics; his boundless affusion of metaphors and allusions, which scorns to turn out of its way even though it should encounter in its progress the most coarse, and even nauseous, imagery; his admirable selection of words; and, above all, the sense of awe and authority which it is sure to call up in the minds of his readers.

He often introduces a moral or political maxim, in so pointed and felicitous a style, as to strike the mind with instant conviction: "The effect of liberty to individuals is that they may do what they please: we ought to see what it will please them to do, before we risk our congratulations."

Perhaps a more sublime, more awful, more striking, or more applicable metaphor than the following, is not to be met with in any poet of ancient or modern times. He is alluding to the agitated state of the public mind in 1780.

"Astronomers have supposed, that if a certain comet, whose path intersected the ecliptic, had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign, it would have whirled us along with it, in its eccentric course, into God knows what regions of heat and cold. Had the portentous comet of the 'rights of man,' (which from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war, and with fear of change perplexes monarchs,) had that comet crossed upon us in that state of England, nothing human could have prevented our being irresistibly hurried, out of the highway of Heaven, into all the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French Revolution."

The most trifling circumstances sometimes show the character of Burke's eloquence. Longinus re-

marks that sublimity cannot consist with exactness. "If a certain comet," he says, "had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign,"—who does not see, that if he had stopped, in the headlong career of his eloquence, to name the sign with technical precision, the fervor of the passage would have been greatly damped?

The following passage is in the best manner of his master, Johnson. Considering that Burke was a practical politician, the purity and soundness of his ethics are truly remarkable:

"Angry friendship is sometimes as bad as calm enmity. For this reason, the cold neutrality of abstract justice is, to a good and clear cause, a more desirable thing than an affection liable to be any way disturbed. Taking in the whole view of life, it is more safe to live under the jurisdiction of severe, but steady reason, than under the empire of indulgent, but capricious passion."—*Appeal*, &c.

I shall terminate these extracts by a passage from his first Letter on the Regicide Peace, which has been sometimes quoted as the finest in all the writings of Burke, and the greatest masterpiece of modern eloquence. It is, however, considerably enervated by its want of simplicity and condensation.

"Deprived of the old government, deprived, in a manner, of all government, France, fallen as a monarchy, to common speculators might have appeared more likely to be an object of pity or insult, according to the disposition of the circumjacent powers, than to be the scourge and terror of them all; but out of the murdered monarchy of France has arisen a vast, unformed, tremendous spectre, in a far more terrific guise than any which ever yet have overpowered the imagination and subdued the fortitude of man. Going straight forward to its end, unappalled by peril, unchecked by remorse, despising all common maxims and all

common means, that hideous phantom overpowered those who could not believe it was possible it could at all exist, except on the principles which habit, rather than nature, had persuaded them were necessary to their own particular welfare, and their own ordinary modes of action. But the constitution of any political being, as well as that of any physical being, ought to be known, before we can venture to say what is fit for its conservation, or what is the proper measure of its power. The poison of other states is the food of the new Republic. That bankruptcy, the very apprehension of which is one of the causes assigned for the fall of the monarchy, was the capital on which she opened her traffic with the world.

"The Republic of Regicides, with an annihilated revenue, with defaced manufactures, with a ruined commerce, with an uncultivated and half-depopulated country, with a discontented, distressed, enslaved and famished people, passing with a rapid, eccentric, incalculable course, from the wildest anarchy to the sternest despotism, has actually conquered the finest parts of Europe; has distressed, disunited, degraded, and broke to pieces all the

rest, and so subdued the minds of the rulers in every nation, that hardly any resource presents itself to them, except that of entitling themselves to a contemptuous mercy by a display of their imbecility and meanness. Their ambition is only to be admitted to a more favored class in the order of servitude under that domineering power."

Of this admired passage, as of many others in Burke, it may be remarked, that the philosophy and the eloquence, which constitute its excellences, are mutually weakened by this strange admixture. The heated imagination is damped in its career by the sudden interposition of a profound maxim; and the philosophy itself, by this unnatural location, assumes the air of a rhetorical flourish or poetical exaggeration. But these deformities, which would ruin an inferior writer, disappear, in the vastness of Burke's transcendent genius, as the mountainous irregularities on the globe disturb not the rotundity of that immense surface. We feel as if in the presence of a great master, whose powers it is not permitted us to question, and whose works we dare hardly venture to criticise.

THE TEAR.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

I WAS led in a dream to the gate of the Upper Heaven, and I saw many sights on which I must be silent; and I heard many sweet sounds, like the voices of angels, hymning to their lyres. And the seraph Uriel was with me, for he is the regent of the sun, and the conductor of errant sojourners through the paths of Infinity. And the light of Heaven dazzled mine eyes long before I reached its glorious portal; and I must have sunk beneath its insufferable splendor, had not the angel shaded me with his ambrosial wings, and touched mine eyes with balm of amaranth, which grows only in Heaven. And when he touched them with this balm, I felt them strengthened, and I could gaze undazzled on any part of the bright Kingdom save one; and I asked Uriel the cause of this surpassing light, and he said it was the light of the Sanctuary. And, lo! at the gate of Heaven stood a pedestal of jasper, and on this pedestal a vessel of pure sapphire, encircled with gold,—and within this vessel lay a tear, which evaporated not in the light of Heaven, but remained the same forever. And I said unto the angel, "Whence cometh this tear?" And he answered, "From the eye of an earth-born maiden, named Leila; if

thou wouldst know more of this tear, speak to it—it will answer thee.” Then I marveled, saying, “Can a tear answer?”—“Yea,” responded Uriel; “this tear is not as other tears,—it hath a spirit within it, and a voice, for the sake of the maiden Leila by whom it was shed.” Then, methinks, I spoke to the tear, and a voice arose from its bed of sapphire in reply.

BARD.

Crystal gem of mortal birth,
Fairer than the gems of earth,
Was it Grief that bade thee mount
Upwards from thy coral fount?
Was it Care, with dewy sigh,
Moulded thee on Leila’s eye?

TEAR.

Minstrel, nay, it was not Care
With his breath that framed me there;
Neither did I quit my fount,
From its crystal floor to mount,
(Like the dew on autumn’s leaf)
By the sceptred spell of Grief.

BARD.

Jewel of a maiden fair,
Was it Mirth that brought thee there?
Was it touch of Laughter’s spell
That o’erflow’d thine azure well?

TEAR.

Neither Mirth invoked me here,
(Yet thou seest I am a tear,)
Nor Despair’s terrific dart
Bade me from my fountain start:
Tear like me had never birth
Or by Sorrow or by Mirth.
Whilome was my fountain dry,
Laughter beam’d in Leila’s eye;
Round her bosom Joy was flung,
Mirth was floating on her tongue;
And her step was gay and light,
And her eye was pure and bright;
And her soul, with Rapture fraught,
Harbor’d no desponding thought.
But a vision of Distress
Came athwart her loveliness,
Like a thunder-cloud in June,
Or a mist before the moon:
Straight the voice of Pity fell
O’er her spirit, as a spell,
And her eye distill’d a tear,
Lovelier than Grief may rear.
Unto me the power was given
Leila’s cause to plead in Heaven,
For I have been shed upon
Others’ sorrows—not her own.

And I inclined my head while the voice was yet speaking; and it seemed to come from the drop within the vessel of sapphire—and I knew

the tear to be a spirit. And I said to Uriel, "Do all tears find their way to Heaven?" But he answered, "Nay—none but those of compassion. All other tears perish, as a drop of water, when they are shed: but those of pity come hither, and, after sojourning for a season at the gate of Heaven, lo! some of them are changed into jewels, and hang upon the crowns of the archangels; others are mingled with the fountain of benevolence, and they all plead with seraphic tongues for those that shed them." And I knew from this response of the angel that there were no tears like those of compassion.

MR. GALT'S FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH LORD BYRON.

It was at Gibraltar that I first fell in with Lord Byron. I had arrived there in the packet from England, in indifferent health, on my way to Sicily. I had then no intention of traveling; I only went a trip, intending to return home after spending a few weeks in Malta, Sicily, and Sardinia; having, before my departure, entered into the society of Lincoln's Inn, with the design of studying the law.

At this time my friend, the late Colonel Wright, of the artillery, was secretary to the governor; and, during the short stay of the packet at the rock, he invited me to the hospitalities of his house, and among other civilities gave me admission to the garrison library.

The day, I well remember, was exceedingly sultry. The air was sickly; and if the wind was not a sirocco, it was a withering levanter—oppressive to the functions of life, and to an invalid denying all exercise. Instead of rambling over the fortifications, I was, in consequence, constrained to spend the hottest part of the day in the library; and while sitting there, a young man came in and seated himself opposite to me at the table where I was reading. Something in his appearance attracted my attention. His dress indicated a Londoner of some fashion, partly by its neatness and simplicity, with just so much of a peculiarity of style as served to show, that although he belonged to the order of metropolitan beaux, he was not altogether a common one.

I thought his face not unknown

to me; I began to conjecture where I could have seen him; and, after an unobserved scrutiny, to speculate both as to his character and vocation. His physiognomy was prepossessing and intelligent; but ever and anon his brows lowered and gathered—a habit, as I then thought, with a degree of affectation in it, probably first assumed for picturesque effect and energetic expression; but which I afterwards discovered was undoubtedly the occasional scowl of some unpleasant reminiscence: it was certainly disagreeable—forbidding; but still the general cast of his features was impressed with elegance and character.

At dinner, a large party assembled at Colonel Wright's; among others the Countess of Westmoreland, with Tom Sheridan and his beautiful wife; and it happened that Sheridan, in relating the local news of the morning, mentioned that Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse had come in from Spain, and were to proceed up the Mediterranean in the packet. He was not acquainted with either.

On the following evening I embarked early, and soon after the two travellers came on board; in one of whom I recognised the visitor to the library, and he proved to be Lord Byron. In the little bustle and process of embarking their luggage, his lordship affected, as it seemed to me, more aristocracy than befitted his years or the occasion;—and I then thought of his singular scowl, and suspected him of pride

and irascibility. The impression that evening was not agreeable, but it was interesting; and that forehead mark, the frown, was calculated to awaken curiosity, and beget conjectures. * * *

Our passage to Sardinia was tardy, owing to calms; but, in other respects, pleasant. About the third day Byron relented from his rapt mood, as if he felt it was out of place, and became playful, and disposed to contribute his fair proportion to wile away the tediousness of the dull voyage. Among other expedients for that purpose, we had recourse to shooting at bottles. Byron, I think, supplied the pistols, and was the best shot, but not very preëminently so. In the calms, the jolly-boat was several times lowered; and, on one of those occasions, his lordship, with the captain, caught a turtle—I rather think two; we likewise hooked a shark, part of which was dressed for breakfast, and tasted, without relish; your shark is but a cannibal dainty. * * *

Had we parted at Cagliari, it is probable that I should have retained a much more favorable recollection of Mr. Hobbhouse than of Lord Byron; for he was a cheerful companion, full of odd and droll stories, which he told extremely well; he was also good humored and intelligent—altogether an advantageous specimen of a well-educated English gentleman. Moreover, I was at the time afflicted with a nervous dejection, which the occasional exhilaration produced by his anecdotes and college tales often materially dissipated—though, for the most part, they were more after the manner and matter of Swift than of Addison.

Byron was, during the passage, in delicate health, and upon an abstemious regimen. He rarely tasted wine, nor more than half a glass, mingled with water, when he did. He ate little; no animal food, but only bread and vegetables. He reminded me of the goul that picked rice with a needle; for it was manifest, that he had not acquired his

knowledge of the world by always dining so sparsely. If my remembrance is not treacherous, he only spent one evening in the cabin with us—the evening before we came to anchor at Cagliari; for, when the lights were placed, he made himself a man forbid; took his station on the railing between the pegs on which the sheets are belayed and the shrouds, and there, for hours, sat in silence, enamored, it may be, of the moon. All these peculiarities, with his caprices, and something inexplicable in the cast of his metaphysics, while they served to awaken interest, contributed little to conciliate esteem. He was often strangely rapt—it may have been from his genius; and, had its grandeur and darkness been then divulged, susceptible of explanation; but, at the time, it threw, as it were, around him the sackcloth of penitence. Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, in the tranquillity of the moonlight, churning an inarticulate melody, he seemed almost apparitional, suggesting dim reminiscences of him who shot the albatros. He was a mystery in a winding-sheet crowned with a halo.

The influence of the incompressible phantasma which hovered about Lord Byron, has been more or less felt by all who ever approached him. That he sometimes came out of the cloud, and was familiar and earthly, is true; but his dwelling was amidst the murk and the mist, and the home of his spirit in the abyss of the storm, and the hiding-places of guilt. He was, at the time of which I am speaking, scarcely two-and-twenty, and could claim no higher praise than having written a clever worldly-minded satire; and yet it was impossible, even then, to reflect on the bias of his mind, as it was revealed by the casualties of conversation, without experiencing a presentiment that he was destined to execute some singular and ominous purpose. The description he has given of Manfred in his youth, was of himself.

AN IRISH LAWSUIT.

THE bone of contention that got between them and our faction was this circumstance : their lands and ours were divided by a river that ran down from the high mountains of Slieve Boglish, and, after a course of eight or ten miles, disembogued itself, first into George Duffy's mill-dam, and afterwards into that superb stream, the Blackwater, that might be well and appropriately appellated "the Irish Niger." This river, which, though small at times, occasionally inflated itself to such gigantic altitude, that it swept away cows, corn, and cottages, or whatever else happened to be in its way—was the march-ditch, or *merin*, between our farms. Perhaps it is worth while remarking, as a solution for natural philosophers, that these inundations were much more frequent in winter than in summer, though when they did occur in summer, they were truly terrific. God be with the days when I and half a dozen gorsoons used to go out, of a warm Sunday in summer ; the bed of the river nothing but a line of white meandering stones, so hot that you could hardly stand upon them, with a small obscure thread of water creeping invisibly among them, hiding itself, as it were, from the scorching sun ; except here and there that you might find a small pool where the streams had accumulated.

Our plan was to bring a pocket full of roche lime with us, and put it into the pool, when all the fish used to rise on the instant to the surface, gasping with open mouths for fresh air, and we'd only to lift them out of the water : a nate plan, which, perhaps, might be adopted successfully on a more extensive scale by the Irish fisheries.

Indeed, I almost regret that I did not remain in that station of life, for I was much happier then than ever I was since I began to study and practise larning. But this is vagating from the subject.

Well, then, I have said that them O'Hallaghans lived beside us, and that this stream divided our lands. About half a quarter, i. e. to accommodate myself to the vulgar phraseology, or, to speak more scientifically, one eighth of a mile from our house, was as purty a hazel glen as you'd wish to see ; near half a mile long ; its developements and proportions were truly classical.

In the bottom of this glen was a small green island, about twelve yards, diametrically, of Irish admeasurement, that is to say, be the same more or less ; at all events, it lay in the way of the river, which, however, ran towards the O'Hallaghan's side, and, consequently, the island was our property. Now, you'll observe, that this river had been, for ages, the *merin* between the two farms, for they both belonged to separate landlords, and, so long as it kept the O'Hallaghan side of the little peninsula in question, there could be no dispute about it, for all was clear. One wet winter, however, it seemed to change its mind upon the subject, for, assuredly, it wrought and wore away a passage for itself on our side of the island, and, by that means, took part, as it were, with the O'Hallaghans, leaving the territory which had been our property for centuries, in their possession. This was a vexatious change to us, and, indeed, eventually produced very feudal consequences. No sooner had the stream changed sides than the O'Hallaghans claimed the island as theirs, according to their tenement ; and we, having had it for such length of time in our possession, could not break ourselves of the habitude of occupying it. They incarcerated our cattle, and we incarcerated theirs. They summoned us to their landlord, who was a magistrate, and we summoned them to ours, who was another.

Their verdicts were north and

south, their landlord gave it in favor of them, and ours in favor of us. The one said he had law on his side, the other that he had prescription and possession, length of time and usage. The two squires then fought a challenge upon the head of it, and, what was more singular, upon the disputed spot itself; the one standing on their side, the other on ours; for it was just *twelve paces* every way. Their friend was a small, light man, with legs like drumsticks; the other was a large, able-bodied gentleman, with a red face and a hooked nose. They exchanged shots, one only of which—the second—took effect. It pastured upon their landlord's spindle leg; on which he held it out, exclaiming that while he lived he'd never fight another challenge with his antagonist, "because," said he, "the man who could hit *that* could hit anything."

We then were advised, by an attorney, to go to law with them; and they were advised by another attorney to go to law with us; accordingly we did so, and, in the course of eight or nine years, it might have been decided; but just as the legal term approximated, in which the decision was to be announced, the river divided itself with mathematical exactitude, on each side of the island. This altered the state and law of the question *in totum*; but, in the meantime, both we and the O'Hallaghans were nearly fractured by the expenses. Now, during the lawsuit, we usually houghed and mutilated each other's cattle, according as they trespassed the premises. This brought on the usual concomitants of various battles, fought and won on both sides, and occasioned the lawsuit to be dropped; for we found it a mighty inconvenient matter to fight it out both ways. We, however, paid the most of the expenses, and would have *ped* them all with the greatest integrity, were it not that our attor-

ney, when about to issue an execution against our property, happened to be shot one evening as he returned home from a dinner, which was given by him that was attorney for the O'Hallaghans. Many a boast the O'Hallaghans made, before the quarreling between us and them commenced, that they'd sweep the streets with them fighting O'Callaghans, which was an epithet that was occasionally applied to our family. We differed, however, materially from them; for we were honorable, never starting out in dozens on a single man or two, and beating him into insignificance.

A couple, or may be when irritated, three, were the most we ever set at a single enemy; and if we left him lying in a state of imperception, it was the most we ever did, except in a regular confiction, when a man is justified in saving his own skull by breaking one of an opposite faction. For the truth of the business is, that he who breaks the first skull or the first bone, is safest; and surely when a man is driven to such an alternative, the choice is unhesitating. O'Hallaghans' attorney, however, had better luck; they were, it is true, rather in the retrograde with him, and of coorse it was only candid in him to look for his own.

One morning he found that two of his horses had been executed by some incendiary unknown, in the course of the night, and on going to look at them, he found a taste of a notice posted on the inside of the stable-door, giving him intelligence that if he did not find a *horpus corpus* whereby to transfer his body out of the country, he'd experience a fate parallel to that of his brother lawyer. After this he went to reside in Dublin, and the only bodily injury he sustained was the death of a land-agent and a bailiff, who lost their lives faithfully in driving for rent.

LEARNING, RELIGION, AND POETRY.

THE examples of Virgil, of Tasso, and of Milton, sufficiently demonstrate the advantages of the connexion between learning and poetry ; but of all poetry, to religious poetry is learning most necessary. A criticaster may probably think that it presents only fatal facilities. A certain class of religious poetry may possess such facilities, which are fatal enough, both to the author and reader. The class to which they appertain is that to which learning is not necessary, that which claims uneducated originality, and inspiration, though maudlin, which is undervalued. It is that class of pseudo-poetry which is produced by ignorance, addressed to ignorance, and applauded by ignorance. Poetry originating in a state of factitious enthusiasm, or in a spirit of interested hypocrisy, and sectarian cant. In fine, such poetry as *The Omnipresence of the Deity* contains—a work composed wholly of centos from evangelical writers, and the ravings of religious bedlamites, unrelieved by the least suggestion of philosophy, and unredeemed by any manifestation of piety or truth. Such is the religious poetry which presents the tempting facilities so strongly urged. And such as the poetry, such is the religion of which it is the expression. The sects that affect this style of sentimental devotion, despise learning in their spiritual teachers, and prefer the unintelligible ravings of ignorant enthusiasm. With such the profoundest ignorance is the mother of the truest devotion. This is a very common idea with those who have never felt the influence, nor attained that perfection of which the human understanding is rendered capable by education. Religion, they think, is entirely independent of any acquirements of science, and incapable of receiving either elucidation or aggrandisement from any of its speculative refinements. But it can be shown, that religion is likely to be

more approved, where its truth and nature are more sensibly perceived ; and better practised, where knowledge has inculcated a stronger conviction of its importance. From the long period which has elapsed since the first development of revealed religion to the world, the astonishing and lamentable revolutions which have taken place in the human mind ; from its progressive decay, with the downfall of civil and intellectual liberty ; its final subjugation and debasement under the despotism of papal ignorance and superstition ; until the almost extinguished spark was fanned into a flame by the revival of literature, and gradually restored to its pristine brightness by a release from spiritual thralldom :—Religion, as it were, regenerated and propagated anew, stands in need of some proofs, if not of its identity and truth, at least of its purity and perfection ; and must, therefore, present itself to the consideration of its professors in the present day, more particularly under a philosophical aspect. It is the business of philosophy to discover and authenticate the important truths of religion. To the attainment of this philosophy, learning is absolutely indispensable. Without learning, the religious man cannot satisfy himself concerning the sacred oracle, which he is to regard as the confirmer of his hopes, the certain guide in that narrow way which shall lead him to happiness. Without learning, he cannot collect and examine the external evidences of its authenticity. Without learning, he cannot explore and discover the internal marks of sacred truth. And when, with the most patient and persevering labor, the inquirer shall have traced this religion through its promulgation, its dispersion, its persecutions, its debasement and decline, its night, its dawning, until it again reached the splendor of noon-day ; when, in conjunction with these events, he shall have observ-

ed the equally alarming violations and pollutions which attended the sacred record itself; has seen it disguised and mutilated by the surreptitious interpolations, or wanton omissions, of polemic theologians, and the sense perverted and abused by the disputatious cavils of arrogant and supercilious schoolmen, where ignorance and want of candor, self-conceit and intemperance directed their inquiries, enslaved their opinions, and depraved their judgments; when he has perceived it almost lost to mankind by the ignorance and superstition of papal priestcraft; when he shall have attended it through its more cheering progress on the revival of learning,—after reason, so long captive and confined within the fetters of monkish tyranny, again awoke to freedom and unrestrained exertion; when he shall have beheld its purity recovered, and its mutilated text restored; have known the labors which marked the life of a Wickliffe and a Luther, a Cranmer and a Latimer—he then only will be able to comprehend what infinite labor, what patient perseverance, what science, and what learning, are connected with the philosophy of religion; what attainments are necessary to be possessed, what talents exerted, in so wide a field, so intricate a maze of inquiry.

To human learning mankind has been indebted for a second revelation; it was the instrument appointed by providence, by which a second time the light of the gospel was enkindled, and which has shone forth to this our day. It was when learning emitted its rays from the obscurity of the dark ages, that Luther, giant-like, arose from the general slumber, and restored to astonished Europe the gospel in its original character of purity and perfection. And have we not reason to expect that when science and learning shall cease to be cultivated, the sun of our righteousness will again set in darkness, and sink in the

ocean of ignorance and superstition?

When reason was clouded by prejudice, and the understanding darkened by ignorance, the exertion of the divine power in miracles, or immediate fulfilment of familiar and long-expected prophecies, could alone be sufficient to establish the divine authority of the Christian religion. But when education and science have matured the understanding, and reason has discovered and felt the strength of its powers, it then wanders forth secure, in the labyrinths of inquiry—can trace the nature and attributes of the Deity in the perfection of his works: from observing its own freedom to will and do what is good, can discover its own deficiency in the purity of his sight, and, from the principles of natural justice, infer the punishment which such a defection from duty deserves, and the need of expiatory services. From these and similar modes of reasoning, and an inability to arrive at any certainty, it at length perceives the want of some supernatural communication; and when, by means of the same faculties, it shall have investigated and approved of the dispensation offered, and been satisfied of its authenticity, its purity, and perfection, from such internal and convincing proofs of reason, the soul becomes enabled to render to God the acceptable homage of faith in his promises, and the merits of his Son; of faith, not merely assenting, but quick and lively,—productive of all that benevolence and good will to mankind, for which the advent of the Saviour was proclaimed to the world.

Religious poetry, in this age of the world, should take this high point of philosophical endeavor. If learning be so necessary to the religionist, more especially is it necessary to the religious poet. For every poet is an enthusiast. The ignorant enthusiast acts from the dictates of internal conviction, and

his internal convictions proceed (at least according to his own ideas) from the knowledge of truth; but here he stops; he inquires no further, either how he came by them, or how far they are consistent with, or contrary to the great laws of natural reason and justice. His convictions, therefore, arise from no certain authority, nor are they confirmed by the decisions of cool and dispassionate judgment. By what motives his conduct may be directed is left to the doubtful operations of prejudice or passion; and by what arguments defended, to the blind and partial system of *inward feeling*. Like the madman, who reasons right from wrong principles, he also takes for granted the truth of certain principles, of which his mind, neither enlightened by science, nor strengthened by learning, is unable to detect the error, or, if detected, remove; and on these he acts with all the impetuosity, and often real fortitude, which the occasions may demand. The poor man who fancies himself a king, and acts with the dignity which he is conscious should be attached to such a station, calls forth, indeed, more pity, but excites far less apprehension. To preserve the religious poet from this madness, and to prevent him from making others mad also, learning and science are indispensably necessary.

Klopstock looked on the art which he had adopted as one of sacred origin, and appears, with a truly Miltonic spirit, to have cultivated his faculties as a religious duty. Poetry he made the business of his life, and was not ashamed of it; indeed, he was anxious, at the outset of his career, to make it, if possible, his only business; and this is the true secret of excellence in a poet. He loved his art—for itself alone. He valued it not for any extrinsic reward, (if we except

the sublime recompense of love and friendship, which, however, are not external guerdons, but matters of the heart within,) but for the personal satisfaction which it was capable of affording to his own mind and feelings—for the honor which it could procure him from the great and good; and, above all, for the glory which would thereby accrue to his country.

With no less worthy aims than these, should the poet, who is solicitous of genuine happiness, adopt the practice of the divinest of all arts. To give breath to that aspiration after those purer, lovelier, mightier, and sublime attributes of being, of which the germs are enfolded in the energies of this present life—to develop the processes of nature, and the antagonism of spirit, and to manifest those powers of growth and perfectibility, which are the instincts of the human soul, is a task of no vulgar attainment, and not at all to be reached by one who would make a trade of his inspiration, and set his feelings up to sale. In success from these sources of worldly prosperity, he may be disappointed; but the genius which looks to the more certain sources of success—in the increasing life of the eternal soul, the awakened and ever more awakening might of the indefatigable imagination, the heightened and ever more majestic stature of the immortal mind—shall find its reward in its own progression, in its union with universal being, its sympathy with unearthly intelligence, and its anticipation of those excelling states of power and glory, and beauty and blessedness, whereof the promise is the food of faith, which are themselves the objects of hope, and shall only be realized in the full development of the energies and activities of imperishable love.

THE UNEARTHLY WITNESS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SIR,—With regard to the story which has reached you of the late consternation caused at Castle Gower, by the return of William Tibbers from the grave, and the events following on that phenomenon, I am without doubt enabled to write you at great length. And if a man is allowed to take the evidence of his own senses, I am entitled to vouch for the truth of a part of my narrative.

You knew Mr. William Tibbers, at least I remember of your having met with him. He was a man of that specious cast, of that calm reasoning demeanor, that he had great influence with all the gentlemen of the county, and could have carried any public measure almost that he pleased among them, so purely disinterested did all his motives and arguments appear. He was employed by them all, as a factor, a valuator, a land-letter, and an umpire in all debates. And then such general satisfaction he gave in all cases. O, there was no man like old Willie Tibbers! He was quite a public benefit to the country, and a credit to the class to which he belonged.

So far, so well. This was the opinion of the gentlemen concerning him, at least of all, save one or two, and their shakes of the head, and hems and haws, were quite drowned in the general buzz of approbation. But the sentiments of the common people relating to him differed widely from those of their superiors. They detested him; accounting him a hollow-hearted deceitful person; an extortioner, and one who stuck at no means, provided he could attain his own selfish purposes. They even accused him of some of the worst and most flagrant of crimes heard of among men; and I have heard them say they could prove them. This may, however, have originated in the violence of their prejudices; but there is one

thing I know, and there is no worse mark of a man—he was abhorred by his servants, and I do not think one of them would ever have staid a second season with him for double wages. Such was the man, of whose fate you are pleased to inquire, and of whose singular destinies I am now to give you an account.

When the good Sir John died, Mr. Tibbers was chosen by the relatives as acting trustee or factor, on the estate of which he got his will, for the young baronet was abroad in the army; and the rest of the trustees, knowing the late Sir John's embarrassments, cared not to trouble their heads much about it. And, in short, after an altercation of six or seven years, between the young laird and the old factor, the estate was declared bankrupt, and sold, and William Tibbers became the purchaser of the best part of it. The common people of our district made a terrible outcry about this; but the thing was not so extraordinary after all. It is rather a common occurrence for the factor to become the laird, and I know six or seven very prominent instances of it as having occurred in my own remembrance.

But the young baronet was neither to be holden nor bound. He came home in a great rage to expose the factor and get him hanged, and reverse all the sales of his father's property. As a prelude to this bold undertaking, he summoned a meeting of the friends and trustees of the family, before whom he compared the calm and specious William Tibbers. But the fury, the extravagance, and the utter defiance contained in the young soldier's accusations, had no weight when laid in the balance against the calm and strong reasoning of Tibbers, who concluded every statement by regretting, with tears, that

the case was so, but he made it plain to them that it could not be otherwise. The friends only smiled at the indignation of the young baronet; but acquitted, on every charge, their respected friend, Mr. Tibbers. This decision drove the young soldier beyond all bounds. He threatened his ruinator with the High Court of Justiciary, of which Tibbers highly approved. He threatened him with every sort of vengeance which it is possible for one to inflict on another; and, finally, with a flogging every day when they met, until he should render him up his just rights.

This last threat the soldier was not long in putting in execution, for no sooner had they left the court, than he began and gave him a good lashing with his hunting-whip, cursing him most potently all the while. Tibbers replied to all with a grin of despite, and these words, "O, how sweetly you shall repent of this!" He flogged him afterwards at the market of our county town, and another time at church, or at least on the way from it; on both of which times Tibbers resisted unto blood, which was fine diversion for the soldier, and made him double his stripes.

The country gentlemen deprecated these outrages in unmeasured terms, and said it was a shame to see an old man maltreated in that manner, and that this young bully ought to be legally restrained, for it did not behove that he should be suffered to come among them and take the law into his own hand. Some of them ventured to expostulate with him, but he only sneered at them, and answered, that nobody knew how he had been used but himself, and that the old villain had not got one third of what he intended for him as yet; but he hoped he would live to see him hanged, that would be some comfort.

The common people viewed the matter quite in a different light. They were grieved at the violence of the young baronet, who, for his

father's sake, was their darling; but it was for his own safety alone that they feared, for they were sure that Tibbers was studying some secret and consummate vengeance upon him. He never in his life, they said, bore a grudge at any one whom he did not ruin; and yet the deed never appeared to proceed from him, and never had he got such cause of offence as from the young baronet. Their predictions were too soon fulfilled, though, in all probability, not in the way Tibbers premeditated. At this time an event happened, which seems to have changed the vantage ground of the parties in a very particular manner.

Here there is a great hole in the ballad, as the old singers were wont to say. My narrative must grow confused, because the real events are not known to me, nor, as far as I can gather, to mortal man. All that was certainly known, is as follows:—

The soldier, who had been watching his opportunity, nay, straining every nerve to discover something that would show the man in his true colors, now gained his purpose. He discovered him in some deadly crime, with full proof of its commission; of this there is no doubt. But what that crime was, or whether committed at that time or on a former day, I declare I know not. Reports were various and contradictory. It was said, and believed, that the young baronet got his cue from a man who had once been a servant with Tibbers, and that he followed it out with such persistency, as to watch his enemy night and day till he made the discovery he wanted. I have examined this man oftener than once, and though he admits that "he has a sayan guid guess" what the offence was with which the captain charged Tibbers, he will not so much as give a hint concerning it; but, on the contrary, always try to mislead from one thing to another. This then is the first great blank in the

narrative, for I dare not even mention some of the reports that were current among the common people.

But one day, as Tibbers was standing among his harvest workers, the young baronet and Mr. Alexander McGill, a friend of his, and a relation of my own, came briskly up to him on foot. He, suspecting some new outrage, drew close to his work-people, and thus addressed his determined persecutor, "You had better refrain from any of your mad pranks to-day, spark; else, depend on it, I have those about me, will chastise you."

"I don't regard these a pin," returned he; "but I am come to-day with a different intention, namely, to make you a full and final recompense for all the favors you have so liberally bestowed upon my late father and me."

"I have never done aught either to you or your father which the laws of my country will not support me in," said he; "and while I have the law on my side, I defy you, and will yet revisit all your outrages upon your head seven-fold."

"O, it is a noble thing, the law of our country," exclaimed the soldier; "it is that which protects the innocent against the fangs of the oppressor, and bestows the due awards of justice on the villain and the wretch. And now to that blessed and infallible establishment I cheerfully resign you, old fellow. I have you on the hip now, and may honor blast my name if I do not follow up my advantage till I see you strapped like a worrying colley!"

The young baronet then with a face of the most inveterate exultation, stepped forward, and in an under voice informed Mr. Tibbers of something, appealing to McGill as a witness. The old fellow drew himself up with a shiver that shook his whole frame; his countenance changed into the blue and pallid hue of death, his jaws fell down, and his whole frame became rigid, and there he stood gazing on his accusers as if in the phrenzy of de-

spair, until the malignant turned on his heel, and desired his humbled enemy to go to dinner with what stomach he had.

This scene was witnessed by twenty people, although none of them heard the accusation. Tibbers spoke not a word; his spirit shrunk within him like that of a man going to execution. He drew his cloak closer about him, and hasted home to his house, in which were none but his two daughters. When there, he threw himself upon the bed, and exclaimed, "O, girls, I am ruined, I am ruined! I am gone! gone! gone! I am ruined and undone forever, and you are ruined and undone forever! We must fly from our country this night, this very night, or hide our faces where they can never be seen again! O death, death! I dare not cross your dark threshold of my own accord! And yet I would hide me in the depths of the grave."

In this way he continued raving on till towards the evening, and, as the girls declared afterwards, would tell them nothing, save that they were all three undone. At night he sent express for his attorney, who had conducted all his legal business, knew his parents, and was suspected to be even a greater villain than himself. The two consulted together the whole night, counted over a great deal of money, and early the next morning set off for the county town. The young baronet and Mr. McGill followed some hours after, as Tibbers well knew they would, to deliver him up into the hands of justice. But he was beforehand with them for that day, for when they arrived none of the functionaries were to be found, and nothing could be done.

Tibbers must now have been put to his last shift; for it was perceived, that when the two gentlemen went up to the sheriff's house, that Tibbers was watching them; and as they returned disappointed, he immediately made up to them and desired to speak with them. At first,

they looked at him with disdain, mixed with abhorrence, as men look upon a reptile ; but on hearing what he said, they retired with him into an angle of the church which stands in the middle of the main street, where all the three stood debating for nearly an hour. There were hundreds of eyes saw this ; for it was market-day, and all their motions were well-remembered afterwards. They were manifestly entering into some agreement, for it was noted that the fiery and impatient soldier, after turning several times on his heel, as if to go away, at length held out his hand to Tibbers, which the latter, after a good deal of hesitation, struck, as people do on concluding a bargain. They went through the same motion a second and a third time, and then it appeared that the agreement was settled, for all the three went away together towards the river which runs not above two bowshots from the spot where they were standing. They were seen to go all three into a boat by some people who were at that instant crossing the ferry to the market. The boat had a sail, and was managed by two seamen whom none of the party knew, and she immediately bore down the river before the wind.

I have been the more minute in these particulars, because they are the only ones known on which positive conjectures could be grounded. It was judged probable by those who witnessed the transaction, that, in order to get quit of the young man's insolence and upbraidings, Tibbers might have proffered him a good part of his father's estate again, in order to enjoy the rest in tranquillity. But then these people knew nothing of the hideous discovery made, and which it is quite manifest could not then, nor ever after, have been revealed. But what strengthened the people's conjecture most, was this. The sheriff was known to be that day down at the village on the quay, five miles below the town, taking evi-

dence on some disputed goods, and the greyhounds and terriers of the law along with him ; and it was thought that, in order to strike the iron while it was hot, the parties had gone down forthwith to have their agreement ratified.

They did not, however, call either on the sheriff or any of the writers, nor has the young baronet or his friend ever been more heard of, either alive or dead, unto this day. Their horses remained at the hotel, which created some alarm ; but no person could perceive any danger to which the young gentleman could have been exposed. At what time Tibbers returned to his own house, was not known ; but it was nearly a week before he was discovered there, and then so frightfully altered was he in his appearance, that scarcely any person could have recognised him for the same man. He had, moreover, a number of wounds upon him. Strong suspicions were raised against him. The common people were clamorous beyond measure ; and the consequence was, that he was seized and examined, but nothing could be made out against him to warrant his commitment. In his declaration, he stated, that he had bribed the young man with almost every farthing he himself was worth, to go once more abroad, and not return to Scotland again during his (Mr. Tibbers's) life, and that he had gone accordingly. He stated farther, that he had gone and seen him aboard before paying him the money, and that Alexander McGill was with him when he left him ; whether he went abroad with him he could not tell ; but they had plenty of money to carry them both to any part of the known world.

There was a plausibility in this statement, as there was in every statement that Tibbers made. Still it was far from being satisfactory to the friends of the young gentleman. He could neither tell the name of the ship nor the name of the captain with whom they sailed, but pre-

tended that they made choice of the vessel themselves ; and he took no heed to either the ship or the master. A reward was offered for the discovery of the two boatmen. They were never discovered ; and with this vague statement and suspicious detail of circumstances, people were obliged to rest satisfied for the present, presuming, that in the common course of events, the darkest shades in which they were involved would be brought to light.

They never have as yet been disclosed by any of those common concatenations of circumstances which so often add infallibly to the truth. But the hand of the Almighty, whose eye never either slumbers or sleeps, was manifestly extended to punish William Tibbers, though for what crime or crimes I dare not infer. The man became a terror to himself and to all who beheld him ; and certainly, if he was not haunted, as the people said, by a ghost, or some vengeful spirit, he was haunted by an evil conscience, whose persecutions were even more horrible to endure. There were two men hired to watch with him every night, and his cries during that season were often dreadful to hear. These men did sometimes speak of sayings that tended to criminate him, more ways than one ; but the words of a person in that state of excitement, or rather derangement, no man can lay hold of. By day he was composed, and walked about by himself, and sometimes made a point of attending to his secular concerns. But wherever he showed his face, all were struck with dumb amazement, an indefinable feeling of terror which words cannot describe. It was as if a cold tremor had seized on the vitals, and frozen up the genial currents of their souls. He was a Magur-missabub ; an alien in the walks of humanity, from whom the spirits of the living revolted, and the spirits of the dead attached themselves.

But one day it so happened that this man of horrors was missing,

and could no where be found ; nor could any one be found who had seen him, save a crazy old woman, named Bessy Rieves, and of her account the keepers could make nothing.

"Did you see aught of our master going this way, Bessy ?"

"Aye, aye ! the dead tells nae tales, or there wad be plenty o' news o' Willie Tibbers, the day. There wad be a sister an' a daughter, a baronet, and a young gentleman, an' a poor harmless gardener-lad into the bargain ; a' huddled out o' sight to hide the crimes o' ane ! Aye, aye, the grave's a good silencer for telltales, an' a deposit for secrets that winna keep ; but a voice may come frae the grave, an' a lesson frae the depths of the sea to teach the sinner his errors. I saw Willie Tibbers ; an' I saw a' thae waitin' on him. He's in braw company the day ! But he had better be in the lions' den or on the mountains of the leopard. Aye, he had better hae been in the claws o' the teegar than in yon bonny company. The pains o' the body are naething, but it is an awful thing to hae the soul sawn asunder ! Ye may gang up the hill an' down the hill, ower the hill an' roun' the hill, but ye'll never find the poor castaway that gate. Gang ye to M'Arrow's grave the night, and note the exact spot that the moon rises at ; and when ye gang there ye will either find Willie Tibbers or ane unco like him."

The men took no notice of this raving, but continued the search ; and all the domestics and retainers of the family were soon scattered over the country, and sought till the next night, but found nothing. That night the words of daft Bessy came to be discussed, and some of those present judged it worth while to take a note of the place, which they did. But M'Arrow's grave being on the top of the little hill behind the manse that bears his name, the rising of the moon was so distant that they said Mr. Tibbers could

not, without wings, have traveled to that spot. Yet, incredible as it may appear to you, nearly about that spot was Tibbers's body found, but so distorted and bloated that but for the clothes no one could have recognized it. I request you to pay particular attention to this. About forty-six miles from his own house, in the county adjoining ours to the southward, and on the lands of Easter Tulloch, there was a body found, which was clothed in Mr. Tibbers's apparel from crown to toe; but farther than this, no man could depose, or even say that there was a likeness between the body found and the one lost. However, the body was taken home and interred as the body of William Tibbers, and his two handsome daughters were declared joint heiresses of his property and great wealth.

The astonishment that now reigned among the country people was extreme, and the saying of old Betty Rieves caused the most amazement of all; and it was averred, without a dissentient voice, that spirits had carried off Willie Tibbers through the air, and tortured him to death, and strange lights were reported to have been seen that day he was lost; but you may conceive how this amazement was magnified, when, immediately subsequent to these alarms, it was confidently reported that the ghost of Tibbers walked, and had been seen and spoke with about his late habitation!

I never remember of any sensation like the one that prevailed in our district at that period. I had lived to see the war come to our doors, our chapel burnt, and our cattle driven off with impunity; but the consternation then was not half so great as at the period of which I am writing. I preached against it, I prayed publicly that the Almighty would moderate it; yet I thought that all this only made matters the worse. People actually left off their necessary labor, and gathered in crowds to gape, stare,

talk, and listen about ghosts, and of murdered people returning from the grave and the bottom of the sea, to which they had been sunk with a hundred pounds weight of lead at every foot, to wreak the vengeance of God on a monster of humanity.

Matters now went all topsy-turvy at Castle-Gower together. The heir was lost—totally lost; for he had never joined his regiment, nor been heard of at any part; and the next heir of entail arrived from Lower Canada to take possession of the titles and emoluments of the estate. The latter of these was much reduced, for all the land had been of late sold, except the entailed part, and that was considerably burdened. But now that Tibbers was out of the way, he had great hopes of reducing the late sale, and recovering the whole of the family property. Accordingly, an action was raised against the heirs of the late Mr. Tibbers, who defended, and the cause was tried in the High Court of Justiciary, among the records of which you will find it; for I do not know the particulars, and can only define the feelings that prevailed here.

Mr. Tibbers's two daughters had retired to Edinburgh, to escape the confusion and terror that prevailed at home. They were amiable girls, and as much beloved by the common people as their father was hated. On the other hand, the upstart, Sir Thomas, as he now called himself, was a low-bred, vulgar, and disagreeable person, and was as much hated by the gentry as the commoners; so that the feeling with us was wholly in favor of the two young ladies, and it is amazing what anxiety was manifested on their account. The people said they could not tell whether the defender's late father had played false in his trusteeship or not. His employers had judged otherwise, and, at all events, the lovely and innocent young girls had no hand in his guilt, but had been tyrannized over all their lives. All parties, however,

agreed in this, that if Johnie Gaskirk, who had acted as attorney for Mr. Tibbers all his lifetime, and knew of every transaction, stood as true to the cause of the daughters as he had always done to that of the father, they were invincible ; but if he was bribed to take the other side, all was lost, and of this every one saw the danger ; for the other party had been dangling with him and consulting him.

What side Johnie Gaskirk had resolved to take, will never be known. Probably the one that paid him best, had not an incident happened that turned the scale in favor of his old employer. I know nothing about law, or law terms, and the less, perhaps, the better. But the success of the plea turned eventually on the want of a duplicate of a disposition. The pursuers denied the possession of it, arguing, that the one produced by the counsel of the defenders was a forgery, and the latter could find no proof of its delivery. Three times there were cunning men despatched all the way from Edinburgh to our county town, 145 miles, to consult Johnie Gaskirk, but neither of the parties were much the wiser.

One night, however, as Johnie was sitting alone in his office with all the late Mr. Tibbers's papers before him, comparing dates, and taking notes, who should enter but Mr. Tibbers himself, and that in a guise which would have struck any man dead, save Johnie Gaskirk, who seems to have had nerves of steel. But he it considered that this frightful apparition opened the door of the office and came in like another man. It was dressed in the deceased's every-day suit, the same in which the corpse had been found, but its features were what Johnie called "unco gast !"

"Lord preserve us ! Mr. Tibbers !" said Johnie.

"Amen ! if you be honest," said the apparition, standing straight up with his back to the door, and its eyes turned on the floor.

"Honest, sir ?" said Johnie Gaskirk, hesitating. "Ye ken the folks said that neither you nor I were very singular for honesty. But God be wi' us, Mr. Tibbers, we thought you had been dead, but it seems you have been only in hiding."

"Only in hiding," responded the figure.

"Aye, aye ! Ye war ay a queer man a' your days, an' had queer gates," said Johnie. "But this is the strangest manoeuvre of a'. This alters the case very materially."

"Yes, in so far as that, if you dare to pursue your present plans, I'll hang you ;" said the apparition. "That duplicate—Dare you for your neck, for you never set your soul at a farthing's value, deny the subscribing and delivery of that paper in this office ?"

"A man may be allowed to forget a thing, ye ken, sir," said Johnie. "And truly, though I think it natural that there should have been a duplicate, else the transaction wasna worth a doit ; yet I canna say that I remember aught about it."

"You do, you dog. It was signed by you and James Anderson, now in Montrose, and given to Mr. Bailie, who now thinks proper to deny it, and who has likely put it out of the way. But your three oaths will prove its existence. If you shuffle and decline doing this, I will first hang you, and then produce the paper in court to the proper authorities."

Having said this, the stern and haggard figure of William Tibbers withdrew, and left his little attorney in an indescribable state. He declared till his death that he was not frightened, believing it to be the real William Tibbers, but that he was awfully confused and stupid. When he learned, a few minutes thereafter, that the street door had never been opened nor unbolted, then did his flesh begin to creep, his hairs to stand on end, and he knew not what to think. The first idea that then struck him, was that the hideous figure was concealed in

his own house, an inmate of whose vicinity he little approved.

The ghost of Tibbers, or himself, continued frequently to be seen ; for, till this day, I cannot calculate with certainty whether it was the one or the other. I certainly would have judged it to have been an apparition, had it not been for the most extraordinary scene that ever was witnessed in this or any other country ; and of which I myself was an ear and eye witness, and even that was no decisive proof either ways.—It was as follows :

There were some official men sent from Edinburgh to take a precognition relating to facts before our sheriff, to save expenses to the litigants. Fifty or sixty were summoned that day, but in fact the main evidence depended on the statement of Johnie Gaskirk, and it being that day quite the reverse of all his former statements, and decisive in behalf of the Misses Tibbers, the deputy advocate and the sheriff got both into a high fever at his inconsistency, and persisted in knowing from whence he had got his new light ; insomuch, that after a great deal of sharp recrimination, Johnie was obliged to tell them flatly that he had it from very good authority—from Mr. Tibbers himself ! They asked him if it was from his ghost : he said he could not tell ; he took it for himself at the time. He came into his office and conversed with him, and brought facts clearly to his remembrance.

The sheriff and his compeers laughed Johnie Gaskirk to scorn ; and the pursuers' counsel said they would have none of his dreamy evidence related at second-hand. If the said William Tibbers had anything of that sort to communicate, he must come into court himself, or answer by his deputy from the other world. The sheriff acquiesced, and granted rule, half out of spite at the equivocation of Johnie Gaskirk. The counsel wrote out the summons, of the words of which I have an indistinct recollection,

weening them at the time a little blasphemous. The name was three times called in court by the proper officer, who then read the summons aloud. "In the name of God and the King, we their liege subjects and lawful officers, warn, summon, and charge you, William Tibbers, to appear here in court, either in your own person or by proxy, to answer upon oath such questions as may be asked of you."

The man had scarce done bawling or the crowded assembly with laughing at the ludicrous nature of the summons, nor had a single remark been made, save one by Johnie Gaskirk, who was just saying to the sheriff, "Ods, sir, ye had better hae letten him alane. He was never muckle to lippen to a' his days, and he's less sae now than ever."

Ere this sentence was half said, Tibbers stepped into the witnesses' bench ! But such a sight may human eyes never again look on. No corpse risen from the vaults of a charnel house—no departed spirit returning from the valley of terrors, could present a form or a look so appalling. It is impossible to describe it. A shuddering howl of terror pealed through the house. The sheriff, who was well acquainted with Tibbers, flung himself from his seat, and on his hands and knees escaped by the private door, while the incorrigible Johnie Gaskirk called to him to stay and take the witness's evidence.

A scene now ensued, the recollection of which still makes my heart cold. The court-room of our old town-house is ample, but ill-lighted. It was built in days of old, for a counsel chamber to the kings of Scotland. The entry is dark and narrow, and from the middle of this entry a stair as dark and narrow leads to what is still termed the ladies' gallery. The house was crowded, and the moment the horrid figure made its appearance, the assembly made one simultaneous rush to gain the door. They were

instantly heaped above each other to suffocation. Yells and cries of *murder!* resounded from every quarter. The rush from the stair quite overwhelmed those beneath, and trode them to death. Such scenes have been often witnessed, but never by me; and when the ominous cause was taken into consideration, it was a most impressive and judgment-looking catastrophe. The one half of that numerous assembly were wounded or maimed, many of them for life, and nine were killed outright, so that it was with us a season of lamentation, of mourning, and great wo!

From that hour forth, the apparition of William Tibbers was no

more seen on earth, that ever I heard of. But it was the general impression that it was the devil who appeared that day in court, and wreaked such vengeance on the simple and credulous natives. William Tibbers was indeed a Samson to us, for at this his last appearance he did us more evil than all the rest of his life. His daughters gained the property, but I cannot say they ever enjoyed it. The old adage seems to be realized in their case, that "a narrow gathering gets ay a wide scattering," for their great wealth appears to be melting away like snow from the dike.*

FIRST ATTEMPTS TO COLONISE FLORIDA.

FROM "The History and Topography of the United States," the first part of which has been brought forward in a handsome style by several enterprising publishers in England and America, we select the following description of the attempts made by the French Protestants, soon after the middle of the sixteenth century, to colonise Florida.

"We must now advert to some of the most interesting but lamentable events that the history of colonisation affords, in which the deadly poison of religious bigotry was deeply intermingled with the hostility excited by commercial jealousy. The decided indications of a violent spirit of persecution, on the part of the Catholic priesthood of France, induced the brave Coligny to make an experiment, which might have issued in the provision of a safe retreat for a considerable portion of the oppressed Protestants. He formed a party of Huguenots, among whom were several of high respectability, who sailed under the com-

mand of Ribault, an officer of considerable spirit, with the intention of colonising Florida. After a favorable voyage, he arrived at the entrance of a river, which he called May, from the month in which he reached the coast. He here erected a fort, and then imprudently sailed for France, to bring out a reinforcement. Albert, to whom he delegated his authority during his absence, appears to have been both unworthy and incompetent for so important a situation. From his extreme severity and ill-management, the colonists formed an inveterate hatred against him, which terminated in his death. In the excitement of internal dissensions the settlers had paid little or no attention to the production of food, and were compelled, after exhausting nearly all their stores, to make the desperate attempt of recrossing the Atlantic with the small remainder of their provisions. Being detained by a calm, they had commenced preying upon one another, when

* The date of the above letter is 1749, and is supposed to have been written by the Rev. R. Walker, of the Episcopal communion, to a brother in office. If so, it must have been from some chapel in Morayshire, for undoubtedly Elgin must be the county town alluded to. The distance from Edinburgh; the ancient town house in the middle of the street, with the village and quay, five miles down the river; all these, with other coinciding circumstances, fully warrant such a supposition. The original letter is directed to the Rev. J— S—n—n, Carrabuns Close, Edinburgh.

they were providentially delivered from their unhappy condition by an English vessel, which conveyed them to their own country. During the abode of these unfortunate men in Florida, Coligny had been so deeply engaged in the dissension at home, which had ripened into an open rupture and a civil war, that he was prevented from sending his intended reinforcement; but no sooner had peace been concluded, than he despatched a fresh expedition, under M. René Laudonnière, who arrived in the river May on the 25th of June, 1564. After sailing northward about ten leagues, he returned to the May, and erected a fort, which, in honor of his sovereign, he styled Fort Caroline. He proved, however, inadequate to the difficult task of presiding over a number of spirited young men, in a state of great excitement from the disappointment of their expectations, which had dwelt upon the prospect of golden harvests and unbounded wealth. Plots were formed against his life, and he was on the point of leaving, with the remains of his colony, for Europe, when a new expedition, under the command of Ribault, entered the river. That officer superseded Laudonnière, only, however, to experience still more melancholy disasters. Scarcely a week had passed after his arrival, when eight Spanish ships were seen in the same river, where several of the largest French vessels were lying at anchor. As the Spanish fleet made towards them, the French cut their cables, and put out to sea. Although they were fired upon and pursued, they escaped; but, finding that their enemies had landed on the shores of the river Dolphin, about eight leagues distant, they returned to the May. Ribault now called a council at Fort Caroline, which decided that they ought to strengthen the fort with all possible diligence, and be prepared for the enemy. He was himself, however, of a different opinion. Apprehensive of the defection of the friendly

and auxiliary natives, if they should discover that, at the first approach of the Spaniards, they should confine themselves to their camp and fortifications, he judged it best to proceed against the enemy at once, before they should collect their forces and construct a fortification in their vicinity. To strengthen this view, he produced a letter from Admiral Coligny, containing these words: 'While I was sealing this letter, I received certain advice that Don Pedro Menendez is departing from Spain, to go to the coast of New France. See that you suffer him not to encroach upon you, and that you do not encroach upon him.' It was, indeed, the fleet of Menendez, which had just arrived on the coast, and given the alarm. Philip II. had given him the command of a fleet and an army, with full power to drive the Huguenots out of Florida, and settle it with Catholics. Fixed in his purpose, Ribault instantly took all the best of his men at Fort Caroline, and set sail in pursuit of the Spanish fleet, leaving Laudonnière in charge of the fort, without any adequate means of defence. Most unfortunately he was overtaken by a tremendous storm, which destroyed all the vessels, the men only escaping. Menendez now began to consider what advantage he could take of this state of affairs. It appeared to him, that, by pushing across the country, he would have every chance of reaching the fort before circumstances would admit of Ribault's return. He set forth immediately with five hundred of his best troops, and, after overcoming the formidable obstacles of swamps swelled by torrents of rain, on the evening of the fourth day arrived within view of the fort. At day-break, Menendez mounted the hill, and saw no appearance of any watch, and before Laudonnière could muster his little garrison, the Spaniards had rushed in, and begun an indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children. Laudonnière,

though worn down with sickness, escaped from the fort with about twenty others, who concealed themselves in the woods. In this extremity, six of them ventured to throw themselves on the mercy of the Spaniards; but they were cruelly massacred in sight of their companions. Laudonnière, seeing no way of escape but by getting over the marshes to the ships at the mouth of the river, led the way, and several of his men followed him through the swamp into the water. Unable to proceed, he sent two of them, who could swim well, to the ships for help. At length he was carried on board of a French shallop, which was in search of them, and, having picked up the remaining fugitives, who were concealed among the reeds, carried them to a little ship at the mouth of the river. In this they undertook to reach their native country. On their voyage they encountered want, cold, hunger, and thirst, but they ultimately entered, in a miserable state, the port of Bristol, where they met a hospitable reception. A more tragic end awaited Ribault; all his vessels were dashed to pieces (as we have before observed) in the tempest, which lasted some days. With great difficulty the crews succeeded in reaching the shore, and directed their steps towards the fort. After a toilsome journey of nine days through a rugged country, what was their amazement and grief to find the fort in the hands of the inveterate enemies, alike of their enterprise and their faith! Many of them were for enduring the worst extremity, rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards; but Ribault, judging their situation otherwise wholly desperate, determined to open a treaty with Menendez, who received them in the most courteous manner, and pledged himself, on the faith of a soldier and a gentleman, that they should be well treated, and sent back to their country. Upon this pledge, the French delivered up their arms;

but when they were all assembled on a plain in front of the castle, Menendez, with his sword, drew a line round them on the sand, and then ordered his troops to fall on and make an indiscriminate massacre. The bodies were not only covered with repeated wounds, but cut in pieces, and treated with the most shocking indignities. A number of the mangled limbs of the victims were then suspended to a tree, to which was attached the following inscription:—‘Not because they are Frenchmen, but because they are heretics and enemies of God.’ When intelligence of this barbarous massacre reached France, it excited an almost universal feeling of grief and rage, and inspired a desire for vengeance of corresponding intensity. Though Charles IX. was invoked in vain, by the prayers of fifteen hundred widows and orphans, to require of the Spanish monarch that justice should be awarded against his murderous subjects, there was in the nation itself an energy which provided an avenger. Dominique de Gourgues determined to devote himself, his fortune, and his whole being, to the achievement of some signal and terrible retribution. He found means to equip three small vessels, and to put on board of them eighty sailors, and one hundred and fifty troops. Having crossed the Atlantic, he sailed along the coast of Florida, and landed at a river about fifteen leagues distance from the May. The Spaniards, to the number of four hundred, were well fortified, principally at the great fort, begun by the French, and afterwards repaired by themselves. Two leagues lower towards the river's mouth, they had made two smaller forts, which were defended by a hundred and twenty soldiers, well supplied with artillery and ammunition. Gourgues, though informed of their strength, proceeded resolutely forward, and, with the assistance of the natives, made a vigorous and desperate assault. Of sixty Spa-

niards in the first fort, there escaped but fifteen ; and all in the second fort were slain. After a company of Spaniards, sallying out from the third fort, had been intercepted and killed on the spot, this last fortress was easily taken. All the surviving Spaniards were led away prisoners, with the fifteen who escaped the massacre at the first fort ; and, after having been shown the injury that they had done to the French nation, were hung on the boughs of the same trees on which the Frenchmen had been previously suspended. Gourgues, in retaliation for the label Menendez had attached to the bodies of the French, placed over the corpses of the Spaniards the following declaration :—‘I do not this as to Spaniards, nor as to mariners, but as to traitors, robbers,

and murderers.’ Having rased the three forts, he hastened his preparation to return ; and on the 3d of May embarked all that was valuable in the forts, and set sail for La Rochelle. In that Protestant capital he was received with the loudest acclamations. At Bordeaux these were reiterated, and he was advised to proceed to Paris, where, however, he met with a very different reception. Philip had already an embassy demanding his head, which Charles and Catherine were not disinclined to give, and had taken steps for bringing him to trial ; but they found the measure so excessively unpopular that they were obliged to allow him to retire into Normandy. Subsequently he regained royal favor, and found employment in the service of his country.’

THE SHADOW.

Uproy yon dial-stone
Behold the shade of Time,
Forever circling, on and on,
In silence more sublime
Than if the thunders of the spheres
Peal'd forth its march to mortal ears.

It metes us hour by hour,
Doles out our little span,
Reveals a Presence and a Power
Felt and confess'd by man ;—
The drop of moments, day by day,
That rocks of ages wear away.

Wov'n by a hand unseem,
Upon that stone survey
A robe of dark-sepulchral green,
The mantle of decay,—
The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,
That falleth with yon shadow's fall.

Day is the time for toil ;
Night balm the weary breast ;
Stars have their vigils, seas awhile
Will sink to peaceful rest :
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not—nor sleeps !

Effacing all that's fair,—
Hushing the voice of mirth
Into the silence of despair
Around the lonesome hearth,—
And training ivy garlands green
O'er the once gay and social scene.

In beauty fading fast,
Its silent trace appears,—
And—where, a phantom of the past
Dim in the mists of years,—
Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,
Like wrecks above their ocean graves—

Before the ceaseless shade
That round the world doth sail—
Its towers and temples bow the head—
The pyramids look pale :
The festal halls grow hush'd and cold,
The everlasting hills wax old.

Coeval with the sun
Its silent course began—
And still its phantom race shall run,
Till worlds with age grow wan ;—
Till Darkness spread her funeral pall,
And one vast shadow circle all.

MODERN ULYSSES.

No sooner was the hatchment mounted over the portico of Beechwood Hall, announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denyers, was

dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed, as the signal for attack, by all the un-

married men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores, arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavoring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy. Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honor to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shriveled hand: but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment; and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open. In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset, and her dwelling besieged; and never, certainly, had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affections. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of *billet-doux* came showering into it like a snow-storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others, again, affecting *bucolies*, would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a-year, from the lady's maid to the stable-boy. While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults; and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her

head about "first love," "respect for the memory of the dead," &c. which, although, no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony. As the number of suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests. The matchless impudence of one of her visitors deserves particular record. It happened that one day the widow went out for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a footboy, in the house. Towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hall door, and applied himself with more than ordinary energy to the knocker. He was a tall, military-looking personage, with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect. The stranger flung his rein to the boy, desiring him to take his horse to the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and, notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in chorus of "Mistress is not at home, sir," stopped not until he reached the dining-parlor, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said, "Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship's chamber, and let a fire be lit there, for it's rather cool." "Very cool indeed," said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker and not to the weather, and was meditating some impertinent observation, when the stranger, carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed it on the table before him. The butler, who had a mortal dread of fire-arms, quitted the apartment in haste, as if to do the stranger's bidding, but, in reafi-

ty, to communicate to his fellow-domestics, the females, his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell; and it was some time before Geoffry could summon courage to answer it. "Your pleasure, sir?" said he, re-entering the dining parlor. "Some dinner!" responded the other. The butler paused, but, at length, said, "Very sorry, sir, but we have not got anything in the house." "Then look in the poultry yard," was the reply, and let me have a broiled chicken in half an hour." The other started, but the stranger's eyes happening to fall upon the pistols, Geoffry seemed to understand the appeal, and, being anxious to go off first, hurried out to counsel the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety. In the course of the half hour, the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having no notion of glasses being placed on the table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable "Wine." "If you please, sir," said Geoffry, "we can't get at any, for mistress has got the key to the wine-cellar in her pocket." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, "who ever heard of a wine-cellar with only one key?—why, keys in a great man's house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern." The allusion had its effect; Geoffry vanished in an instant, and shortly reappeared as Ganymede. In a few minutes afterwards, the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denyers, who, on being informed of the stranger's arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dining-room to demand an explanation. On the next instant, the servants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and, concluding that she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the house, and set off, at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor. It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon the visiter, than

she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recover; but with a woman the case is somewhat different. The stranger raised her in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and, at last, succeeded in restoring the patient. "And is it really you, Sir John?" exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil. "Ay, in very deed, Caroline," was the reply; "ghosts do not drink Madeira and devour chickens." "Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful Ashantees?" "You greatly wrong that very respectable and much-slandered people," said Sir John; "they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, insomuch that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities." "I hope, my dear," said the lady, "you were duly sensible of their attentions?" "I was very nearly being insensible to them and everything else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honor to engross my society, seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket, into which he had, inadvertently, put a bullet, and left me with half an ounce of lead in my shoulder." "O dear," exclaimed the lady, "how very horrid! and did you walk all the way in that state?" "I did not walk two hundred yards, my love, for I fell into a hush, exhausted from loss of blood, when I was picked up by an Ashantee damsel of sixty, whose charms would have made your ladyship jealous, and who extracted the ball, put a plaster of herbs to my wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Hibernian brother officer for presuming to doubt it." "And were you so rash as to fight with him?"

"No, for I had not time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties and to save my executors as much trouble as possible. But how is my nephew?" "O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivably vain of the title." "I am sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it." At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the domestics, bringing with them the *posse comitatus* and fourteen of the lady's lovers, who, taking it for granted that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue. When, however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlor, it became a point of precedence among them which

should enter first. At length a clown, in the back ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertently applied the stimulus of a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the van, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the living Sir John tête-à-tête with his lady. Doubtless, you will conclude the baronet enacted Ulysses on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit me, reader, he did no such thing. He was a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen block-heads; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it.

NOTES FROM THE NOCTES.

Shepherd.—WHICH o' us, I wonner, looks best at the settin' in o' another wunter? I suspeck it's me—for you're getting mair and mair spinleshankit, sir—ilka year. As for your hauns, ane may see through them—and a'thegither you're an interesting atomy o' the old school.—I fear we're gaun to lose you, sir, during the season. But dinna mind, sir—ye sall hae a monument erected to you by a grateful nation on the Calton-hill—and ships comin' up the Firth—steamers, smacks, and ithers—among them now and then a man o' war—will never notice the Parthenon, a' glowerin' through telescopes at the mausoleum o' Christopher North.

North.—I desire no other monument, James, than a bound set of the Magazine in the library of every subscriber. Yes—my immortal ambition is to live in the libraries and liberties of my native land.

Shepherd.—A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

North.—James, I KNOW MYSELF. I am neither a great nor a small—but a middle-sized man—

Shepherd.—What the deevil! dinna ye belong to the Sax Feet Club?

North.—No. The Fine Fellows invite me to their Feasts and Festivals—and I am proud to be their guest. But my stature is deficient the eighth part of an inch; and I could not submit to sit at any board below either the Standard or the Salt.

Shepherd.—A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

North.—I am not a curious creature, James, but a commonplace Christian. As to my intellectual stature—and it was of that I spoke when I said that I am but a middle-sized man—it is, I am satisfied, the stature best adapted for the enjoyment of tranquil happiness in this world. I look along the many levels of life—and lo! they seem to form one immense amphitheatre. Below me are rows, and rows, and rows of well-apparelled people—remember I speak figuratively of the mind—who sometimes look up ungrudgingly and unenvyingly—to where I am sitting—smiling on me as on one be-

longing to their own order, though placed by Providence—august Master of these august Ceremonies—a little loftier in the range of seats in a half-moon circling the horizon, and crowded to overflowing with the whole human race.

Shepherd.—A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh ! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man !

North.—I beg your pardon—but I did not hear you, James—will you repeat that again ?

Shepherd.—Na. I make a pint o' never sayin' the same thing twice owre for ony man—except a deaf ane—and only to him gin he uses a lug-trumpet.

North.—Then looking right and left, James, I behold an immense multitude sitting seemingly on the same altitude with myself—some-what more richly robed than our brethren beneath—till, lifting up my eyes, lo ! the Magnates, and Potentates, and Princes, and Kings of all the shadowy worlds of mind, magnificently arrayed, and belonging rather to the heavens than to the earth !

Shepherd.—A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh ! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man ! (*Aside.*) I micht din thae words intil his lug fifty times without his catchin' their meanin'—for when the auld doited body begins haverin' about himsell, he's deaf to a' things else in the creawtion.

North.—Monuments ! Some men have been so glorious, James, that to build up something in stone to perpetuate that glory, seems of all futile attempts the most futile, and either to betray a sinful distrust of their immortality, or a wretched ignorance of the

“ Power divine of sacred memories,”

which will reign on earth, in eternal youth, ages and ages and ages after the elements have dissolved the brass or marble, on which were vainly engraven the consecrated and undying names !

Shepherd.—A noble sentiment, beau—

North.—A monument to Newton ! a monument to Shakspeare ! Look up to Heaven—look into the Human Heart. Till the planets and the passions—the affections and the fixed stars are extinguished—their names cannot die.

Shepherd (starting up).—A monument to Sir William Wallace ! A monument to William Tell ! Look at the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland—listen to their cataracts—look to the light on the foreheads—listen to the music on the lips of the Free—

“ Kings of the Desart, men whose stately tread Brings from the dust the sound of Liberty ! ”

North.—A noble sentiment, James, beautifully expressed. Oh ! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man !

Shepherd.—What ! You've been sookin' in my flattery a' the time, ye auld sinner—and noo turn intil a banter on mysell the compliment I paid you from the bottom o' my heart ? You're a queer deevil.—Hoo hae ye stood the weather this season, sir ?

North.—Weather ! It never deserved the name of weather, James, even during that muddy and mizzly misnomer—Summer ; while the Autumn—

Shepherd.—Weel, do ye ken, sir, that I never saw in a' my born days, what I cou'd wi' a safe conscience hae ca'd—bad weather ? The warst has aye had some redeemin' quality about it that enabled me to thole it without yawmerin'. Though we mayna be able to see, we can aye think o' the clear blue lift.

North.—I am rather disposed to believe that—whatever may have been the case once—now there is no such thing as good weather. Why, James, you might as well seek to prove by a definition that there is no such thing in nature as an ugly woman.

Shepherd.—Neither there is, sir. There are different degrees o' beau-

ty, Mr. North, frae the face that ootshines that o' an angel's seen in a dream—doon—doon—doon—ever sae mony hunder thoosan' degrees doon, till you meet that o' the tinkler-randy, whose looks gar you ratherly incline to the ither side o' the road—but nae ugliness. Sometimes I've kent mysell likely to fa' until a sair mistak—na, a sair fricht—by stumblin' a' at once on a lassie gaen far doon in the degrees, and wha really did seem at first sicht unco fearsome ;—but then, sir, the mistak arose frae the suddenness, and frae considerin' the face o' her by its ain individual sell, and no as ane o' many on the mysterious scale o' beauty. But then a man o' ony powers o' memory and reflection, and ony experience among the better half o' creation, soon corrects that error ; and fin's, afore he has walked hardly a mile alongside o' the hizzie, that she's verra weel-faured, and has an expression, mair especially about the een and mouth—

North.—James ! James !

Shepherd.—The truth is, Mr. North, that you and the likes o' you, that hae been caved a' your days in toons, like pootry, hae seldom seen ony real weather—and ken but the twa distinctions o' wat and dry. Then, the instant it begins to drap, up wi' the umbrella—and then vanishes the sky. Why, that's aften the verra best time to feel and understaun' the blessed union o' earth and heaven, when the beauty is indeed sae beauteous, that in the perfect joy o' the heart that beats within you, ye wad lauch in an atheist's face, and hae nae mair doubt o' the immortality o' the sowle, than o' the mountain-tap that, far up above the vapors, is waiting in its majestic serenity for the reappearance o' the Sun, seen brichtenin' and brichtenin' himsell during the shower, through behind a cloud that every moment seems mair and mair composed o' radiance, till it has melted quite away,—and then, there indeed is the Sun, rejoicing like a giant to run a race.

* * * *

Shepherd.—Ane seldom remembers what he reads in a maggazin.

North.—If he does not, then one seldom remembers what he reads anywhere else, James. True, that the wit and wisdom of one month succeeding the wit and wisdom of another in endless succession, mankind must often forget when and where, and from what source, they have derived such infinite amusement and instruction. But the amusement and instruction themselves do not perish on that account, but go into a million treasuries. People are manifestly growing wiser and better every day ; and I humbly confess that I think myself one of the great instruments, in the hands of Providence, of the amelioration of the human race. I am not dead to the voice of fame,—but believe me that my chief, if not sole object in writing for *Maga*, is the diffusion of knowledge, virtue, and happiness all over the world. What is it to me if the names of my articles are often forgotten, not by a thankless but a restless generation, too much agog after novelties, and too much enamored of change ? The contents of any one of my good articles cannot possibly be forgotten by all the thousands who have told me that they once delighted in them,—some fair or bright image—some tender or pure feeling—some high or solemn thought must survive,—and enough for me—James—if in hours of gay or serious memories, some mirthful or melancholy emanation from my mind be restored to being, even though the dreamer knows not that it was mine,—but believes it to have arisen then for the first time in his own imagination. Did I choose to write books, I believe they would find readers. But a book is a formal concern,—and to read it one must shut himself up for hours from society, and sit down to what may indeed be a pleasant task,—but still it is a task,—and in the most interesting volume that ever was written, alas ! there are many yawns. But a good article,—such as many of mine that shall be name—

less,—may be read from beginning to end under the alternate influence of smiles and tears ;—and what if it be laid aside, and perhaps never meets more the fair face that bedewed or illumed it ? yet methinks, James, that the maiden who walks along the spring-braes is the better and the happier of the sights scents and sounds she enjoys there, though in a month she remembers not the primrose-bank, on which, cheered by the sky-lark's song, she sat and smiled to see her long disheveled tresses reflected in the Fairy's pool.

Shepherd.—That's no unbony.

North.—I believe that all my words are not wasted, each succeeding month, on the idle air. Some simple melodies, at least, if no solemn harmonies, are sometimes heard, mayhap from my lyre, floating along the lonely valleys, and the cheerful villages, and even not undistinguishable amid the din of towns and cities. What if, once heard, they are heard no more ? They may have touched a string, a chord, James, in some innocent, simple, but not unthoughtful heart ; and that string, that chord, James, as well thou knowest, for thou art one of nature's own poets,—I but a proser—and an old greyhaired proser too—may henceforth of itself “warble melody,” while, if untouched by me or you, or other lovers of their kind, it might have lain mute forever ! If so, verily I have had my reward.

Shepherd.—What for do you never try to write verses, sir ? Ca' and they'll come.

North.—An old poet is an old fool, James.

Shepherd.—But then you see, sir, you're sic a fule already in sae mony things, that the world 'll no think ae grain the waur o' you gin you'll play the fule in that too—be a poet, sir, and fling yourself for food to the hungry critics, for they're in a state o' starvation, and, for want o' something to devour, will sune a' dee o' hungry and thirst.

* * * * *

North.—I could cut with a blunt knife the throat of any man who yawns while I am speaking to him—especially if he attempts to conceal his crime, by putting his hand to his mouth ; yet, such a bundle of inconsistencies is man, that confound me if I could listen for five minutes to the angel Raphael himself—or Gabriel either—without experiencing that sensation about the jaws which precedes and produces that sin. The truth is, that admiration soon makes me yawn—and I fear that Sir Walter, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Bowles, and others, may sometimes have felt queer at the frequent, if not incessant, opening and shutting of the folding doors of my mouth, during their most amusing or instructive, reasoning or imaginative harangues. I wish I could find some way of letting them know, that so far from any offence being meant, or weariness experienced by me, I was in fact repaying them for the delight they gave me, by the most sincere, if not the most delicate tribute of applause, which it was in my power to render, or rather out of my power to withhold from genius and wisdom.

Shepherd.—I never in a' my born days, and I'm noo just the age o' Sir Walter, and, had he been leevin', o' Bonnypratt, met a perfectly pleasant—that is a'thegither enchantin' man in a party—and I have lang thoct there's nae sic thing in existance as poors o' conversation. There's Sir Walter wi' his everlastin' anecdotes, nine out o' ten meanin' naethin', and the tenth itself as auld as the Eildon hills, but not, like them, cleft in three, which would be a great relief to the listener, and aiblins alloo a nap atween—yet hoo the coofs o' a' ages, sexes, and ranks, belabor your luggs with their laughter at every clause—and baser than ony slaves that ever swept the dust with their faces from the floors of Eastern despots, swallow his stalest stories as if they were manna dropping

fresh frae the heaven o' imagination! Yet you see the crust aften sticks in their throats—and they narrowly escape chokin'. Yet I love and venerate Sir Walter abune a' ither leevin' men except yoursell, sir, and for that reason try to thole his discourse. As to his ever hearin' richt ae single syllable o' what ye may be sayin' to him, wi' the maist freendly intent o' enlivenin' his weak mind, you maun never indulge ony howp o' that kind—for o' a' the absent men when anither's speakin', that ever glowered in a body's face, without seemin' to ken even wha he's lookin' at, Sir Walter is the foremost—and gin he behaves in that gate to a man o' original genius like me, you may conceive his treatment o' the sumphs and sumphesses that compose fashionable society.

North.—James—be civil.

Shepherd.—Yet tak up ony trash o' travels by ony outlandish foreigner through our kintra, and turn to the chapter, "Visit to Abbotsford," and be he frog-eatin' Frenchman, sneevin' through his nose—

North.—Or gross guttural German, groaning about Goethe—

Shepherd.—Or girnin' and grimacin' Italian, wi' his music and his macaroni, fiddlin' and fumblin' his way aiblins into marriage wi' some deluded lassie o' condition wi' the best o' Scottish bluid in her veins—

North.—Sarcastic dog!

Shepherd.—And one and all alike—each with the peculiar loathsomeness belonging to the mode of adulation practised in his ain kintra—begin slabberin' and slimin' the illustrious baronet frae head to feet, till he is all over slaver. Hoo he maun scunner!

North.—Perhaps not.

Shepherd.—He maun. Then each Tramp begins to ring the same changes on his fool's bells about Sir Walter's poors o' conversation, his endless stores o' information, his inexhaustible mines o' intellectual treasures—

North.—Stop, James—lay your hand on your heart, and tell me—we are quite alone, and you need not look at the screen, for there is nobody behind it—are you not jealous?

Shepherd.—Me jealous! and o' Sir Walter! As I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I am not! I glory in my country for his sake. But say—sir—unseal your lips and speak—should he, who of all men I ever kent is the least o' a tyrant, be thus served by slaves?

North.—No great man of any age, James, during his mortal lifetime, ever so lived, by the peaceful power of genius, in the world's eye, and in the world's mind, and the world's heart, as Sir Walter Scott.

Shepherd.—None whatsomever.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A *redingote* of *gros de Naples*, the color a bright ruby. *Corsage à l'Amazone*, sleeves *en gigot*. A rich silk trimming, disposed horizontally, ornaments the front of the dress *en tablier*, and a twisted rouleau goes round the bottom near the edge of the border. The chemisette is of cambric, with a triple frill round the throat. The hair is combed back from the forehead in the Chinese style, and disposed on

the summit of the head in a profusion of bows. A plaited braid is brought from the back of the head across the forehead on one side.

We have been favored with a sight of several mantles now in preparation. Some are intended for open carriages. They are composed of a new kind of cloth, of uncommon softness and beauty. The most elegant are richly embroidered round the border, in a color strongly contrasted with the mantle. They

have large collars cut in points, which fall very low before, and are terminated by a large acorn; these collars are attached to a small round pelerine, which reaches to the shoulders, and is much more advantageous to the shape than having the fulness of the mantle round the upper part of the bust. A *collet évasé*, cut in points, falls over this pelerine. Sometimes these points are bordered by a narrow gold *torsade*.

EVENING DRESS.

A crape dress, over satin to correspond. The color is a new shade

of rose noisette. The *corsage* is cut low, particularly on the shoulders, and *drapé* in front. *Bêret* sleeve, partially covered with a *demi Mameluke* sleeve of white *gaze de Paris*, looped at the points of the shoulders with knots of gauze ribbon. The skirt is decorated with *points à revers*; they are edged with white silk trimming, and are each ornamented with a knot of ribbon. The head-dress is a white crape *bêret*, of a very novel shape, adorned with a profusion of white ostrich feathers. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, gold and rubies.

THE GATHERER.

"Little things have their value."

A Fable.—Once upon a time, a man, somewhat in drink belike, raised a dreadful outcry at the corner of the marketplace, "That the world was all turned topsy-turvy; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet uppermost; that the houses and earth at large, (if they did not mind it,) would fall into the sky; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the devil." As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently; nay, at last, began ob-juring, foaming, imprecating; when a good-natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches, and softly inverting his position set him down on his feet. The which upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little. "Ha! deuce take it!" cried he, rubbing his eyes, "so it was not the world that was hanging by its feet, then, but I that was standing on my head!"—*Censor, castigat morum, Radical Reformer*, by whatever name thou art called! have a care! especially if thou art getting loud!

Fat Living.—The vicarage of Wyburn, or Wintburn, in Cumberland, is of the following tempting value, viz. fifty shillings per annum, a new surplice, a pair of clogs, and feed on the common for one goose!! This favored church preferment is in a wild country, inhabited by shepherds. The service is once a fortnight. The clerk keeps a pot-house opposite the church, and when there is no congregation, the Vicar and Moses regale themselves at the bar.

Obstinacy.—Hakewell, in his *Apology*, &c. tells us, "Notwithstanding the service was read in Latin, yet so little was that understood, that an old priest in the time of Henry VIII. read *Mumpsimus Domine* for *Sumpsimus*. And being admo-

nished of it, he said he had done so for 30 years, and would not leave his old *Mumpsimus* for their new *Sumpsimus*."

LITERARY NOTICES.

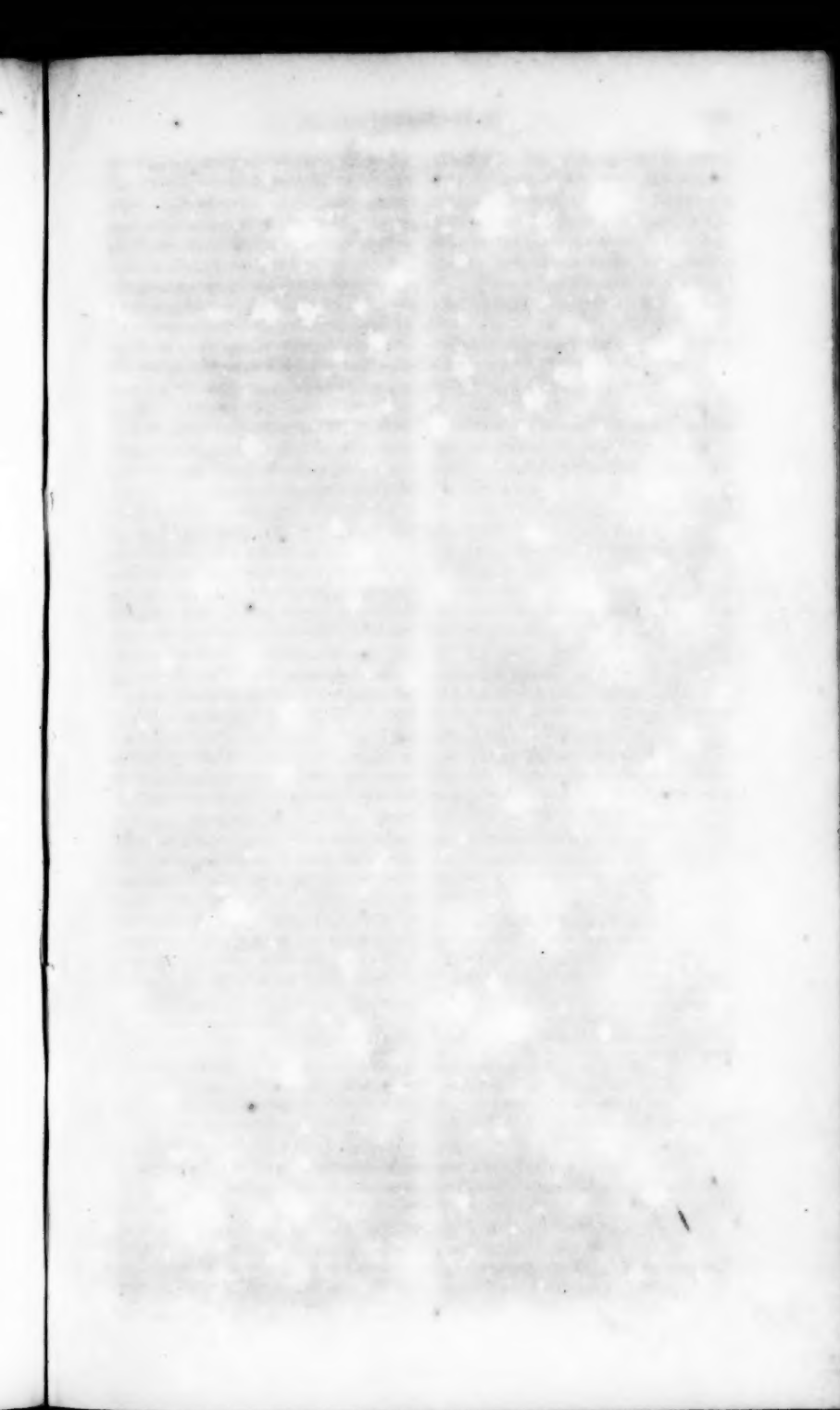
A new edition is promised immediately of the little work so well known and received under the designation of "Philosophy in sport made science in earnest." This production, which is now generally known to proceed from the pen of Dr. Paris, has been pronounced to be one of the most successful attempts ever made to smooth the paths of science for the inexperienced steps of youth.

Mr. Hood announces his "Comic Annual" for 1831, and also a second edition of the volume for 1830, "the public," according to his statement, "having placed him in the best of all literary positions,—that of having a *copyright* and not a copy left."

An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man, by Mr. Hope, author of "Anastasius," is shortly to appear.

The second volume of Moore's Byron is said to be nearly ready for the press.

New Works.—Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches. Second Edition.—Doddridge's Memoirs and Correspondence. Vol. IV.—The Literary Souvenir for 1831. Edited by Alaric A. Watts.—The New Year's Gift; or Juvenile Souvenir. Edited by Mrs. A. A. Watts.—The Winter's Wreath for 1831.—The Iris; a Religious and Literary Offering. Edited by the Rev. T. Dale, M.A.—Tales of the Dead, and other Poems. By John Hennege Jesse.—The Poetical and Prose Works of Friederich Von Schiller.—The Devil's Vis-à-vis, a Poem, with eight spirited Engravings on wood, from designs by Robert Cruikshank.—Le Keepsake Francais.—The Talisman, by Mrs. A. Watts.—Forget-Me-Not.—Friendship's Offering.—Cameo, &c.





Tindall's Lithog. Boston

CARRIAGE DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

For Cotton's Athenaeum.